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The True Witness,

AND

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THE HIGHLAND CONVOY.

A few months ago I indulged myself in a sail down the Firth of Clyde in one of the countless steamers of the river. To me this is like a returning voyage up the stream of time; for every murmur of these haunted waters is laden with the voices of other years, and from every nook of the varied shores there start forth to meet me the spirits of the past. I am in a dream, which is not all a dream, for the places are substantial realities, although the persons are shadows; and the spectral show receives no interruption from the cold stony images of humanity by whom I am surrounded on the deck, for these belong in a remarkable manner to the present world, and to the new form into which society has been cast in the course of the last thirty years.

On the occasion referred to, the somewhat uncommon circumstance occurred of my exchanging looks, and finally words, with one of my fellow-passengers. He was a man well on to fifty years of age; but although his head was already sprinkled with the snows of time, his step was elastic, his eyes clear, though serious, and his forehead smooth and white, as if it possessed some natural power of repulsion to throw off the cares of the world, that draws the brows of other men into wrinkles. What attracted me, however, was his air of solitariness, his abstraction from the things and persons of the present, and I knew by intuition that he was conversing, like myself, with the world of shadows. This actually proved to be the case. He had left the Clyde (the opposite shore from mine) in early youth, and after a long pursuit of happiness and fortune, returned a few years, convinced that the former was an illusion, and the latter merely independence, irrespective of the amount of income. We were soon well acquainted; nay, old friends. And what wonder? since our companionship led us to trace back together for one score and ten years the stream of time, and made us feel, as we paced the deck side by side, that every step conducted us further from the living.

After some hours had been spent in this way, my new-old friend was curious to learn the circumstances of my return; but I had nothing to relate beyond the disagreeable impressions made upon me by the people, in their transition state between picturesque rudeness and cold refinement—a state in which they had lost the cordial warmth of the one, before gaining the elegance of the other.

"It is not that I mean," said he. "But after so long an absence, and so unexpected a return, did you meet with nothing remarkable, no incident, no adventure, no?" I smiled, and my companion looked grave.

"It was too late in the day!" I replied, touching ostentatiously with my glove a whisker which is not yet utterly gray.

"It is not that I mean," he repeated, more impatiently, and with some touch of disdain. "We are both of us, it is to be hoped, too old for romance, and too wise for the delusions of a sex placed among mankind as a trial and a test, a mockery and a punishment. You met, then, with nothing remarkable?—nothing to signalize your return?—nothing to stand forward as a landmark in your memory connecting the epochs of your life from boyhood even to middle age? Would but I could say the same!"

"Say anything but the same," cried I. "I am thankful that you have an adventure to relate, and you ought to be thankful that you have a listener to hear it. Let us sit down, for the evening has stolen upon us unawares,

and there is nothing more to be seen on these dusky shores."

"It was in the dusk," began my companion, when we had seated ourselves side by side—

"At what season?"

"When the autumn was far advanced; when the Clyde, like our own heads, my friend, had put on her livery of gray and brown; and when the nights were long and chill, but steeped in the radiance of a harvest moon. My elder brother is a petty laird in the country we have been talking of, on the Highland or right bank of the river, and his house stands in a wild nook of the hills a little more than fifteen miles from the shore. I had informed him by letter of the time I expected to be with him; and, thanks to the regularity of this kind of navigation, I landed in a small boat from the steamer on the appointed day. This was the first time I had touched Scottish ground for thirty years; and even at the rude hamlet, well known to me in my early days, I observed some of the changes that were afterwards so obvious. Indeed the only individual among the lookers-on who harmonized completely with my boyish recollections was a wild-looking Highlander; and even him, in consequence of the change that had taken place in me, I could not help regarding with a feeling of distrust and dislike. And yet the fellow, with his erect athletic figure, his unkempt locks, flowing from beneath a broad blue bonnet, his mist-colored plaid, drawn from one shoulder over a broad chest, with the end hanging down gracefully behind, and his trows, furled up to his knee, so as to display the naked leg and foot of a young Hercules, presented a fine specimen of the unrefined Gael. I believe, however, that my suspicions were at first excited by nothing more than the eager attention with which he regarded my baggage as I gave it into the charge of the boatman, and the avidity with which he listened to, and appeared to treasure up, my directions as to its being taken care of till sent for on the following day. When his keen eye caught mine fixed upon him with severity, he looked down instantaneously, as if afraid of betraying his thoughts, and shrank aside with a sudden abjectness of deference which by no means disarmed my suspicion.

Soon after, a new circumstance occurred to draw my attention to this man. Having taken some refreshment in the little public-house, to prepare me for a walk of fifteen miles over a mountainous country, I pulled out my purse, to be ready to pay my reckoning as I went out. I had no more silver, and while hunting in a handful of gold for a half-sovereign to change, the little window darkened, and I looked up; the Highlander stood outside, with his nose literally flattened against the glass, and his eyes fastened upon the treasure with a wolf-like glare that made me start. His expression, naturally wild and fierce, was at this moment tinged with an exulting joy, throwing an illumination, like that of a torch, over the whole face. A foreboding of evil crossed my mind; but instead of attending to it, I rose up like a man in a dream, and went out mechanically. I paid my reckoning, and took my way to the hills." Here the narrator paused and looked towards the darkening shore, as if tracing in imagination some route full of pain and peril.

"Come," said I at length, "proceed; I should not wonder if we hear a little more, before all is done, of your bare-legged vagabond!"

"Hurry me not," replied my friend solemnly; "it must come as it will, or not at all. As you proceed in this direction from the Clyde, the country is much confused with hills, woods, and masses of rock; but it is not till you arrive at the glen through which the mountain tributary rushes that waters my brother's property, that you observe the grander features of the picture. In the meantime, in following the wild road I had often traversed when a boy, I was struck with the shrunken character of the objects. Those hills appeared to me to be small, and those woods more shrubberies, on which my imagination had hitherto dwelt as so many mountains and forests, and a strong feeling of disappointment began to gather upon my mind, when my thoughts were suddenly plucked into a new channel. On reaching the summit of an eminence lofty enough to afford a more extensive view than the huddled nature of the scenery usually permitted, I saw a plaided figure disappearing behind an angle of a rock in the distance. I saw this object only for an instant, but I could not be mistaken; it was the Highlander. I even thought he turned his head over his shoulder, as if to watch whether I was following; but in this I may have been mistaken. Now I am not more deficient in animal courage than another; but I had gold in my pocket, and papers of still more value, and although armed, like him, with a serviceable staff, I was conscious that I had been for many years out of training, and should be as easily plucked as a pigeon by that Gaelic vulture. In short, without a second thought, I forsook the beaten road, and trusting to my recollection of the face of the country, made for my destination by a circuitous route.

"It was now late in the afternoon, and if I would reach my brother's house before the departure of day-light; it was necessary to step

out. I did so to some purpose; but after more than an hour's hard walking I began to have some doubt as to the landmarks, and lost considerable time in ascending a hill to obtain a general view of the district. I found that my detour had been greater than I contemplated; but still I was right in the main, and I clearly saw a gap in the mountains beyond, in which was the resting-place I sought. But the strong lights on the higher ground, contrasted by the deep shadows below, made me begin to calculate time and distance in some anxiety; and when at length I descended to the level of the route I had chosen, it was not without uneasiness I found that day-light had entirely deserted the lower regions of the earth. Had this change come on gradually, I should perhaps have felt little; but one moment to have the ruddy beams of the still visible sun in my eyes, and the next to be plunged in permanent and still deepening gloom, was, in circumstances like mine, a little trying to the nerves; but at that moment I saw on the summit of a hill before me, just touched, and no more by the level rays of the west, a human figure. This would, in any case, have been a picturesque and striking object, bathed as it was in mellow light, which appeared to sever it from the dark rounded mass on which it stood; but the outline of the plaid and bonnet invested it at the moment with a character of the preternatural; and as I stood gazing with distended eyes, I fancied that the Highlander was penetrating, with the glance of a bird of prey, the gloom in which I stood. But this absurd notion lasted not longer than a minute.

"I use the freedom of saying," said I, taking advantage of a catching of the breath which interrupted the narration—"I use the freedom of saying that it gives me much pleasure to hear it! I am tired of that thievish caterer, and I would we had you at the death-grips without more ado."

"I was tired likewise," continued my companion, "and with more cause than you.—Whether he had actually seen me I could not tell; but this I know, that when treading soon after a bolt of fir, I saw him waiting for me at the opening as distinctly as I now see you. On this occasion I did not shun him. My pride was touched, and my temper chafed; and grasping my staff by the middle, I advanced to try the fate of battle, if it was that he wanted. When I reached the end of the belt, the plaided figure was gone. It had flitted to a distance of twice the space I had traversed, and was just disappearing behind a mountain rock.

"But either owing to the familiarity of the appearance, or to the presence of danger of another kind, I soon ceased to think much of the Highlander. I was now entering upon the wild and romantic portion of the landscape; and those features, the contemplation of which in the daytime would have filled me with a peculiar enjoyment, had now much more of the terrible than sufficed for the composition of the sublime. I could already hear, borne on the wailing night-wind, the roar of the mountain river, and was entering the savage valley, or rather glen on a larger scale, through which it wanders, now sweeping in a full deep stream, and now tumbling in headlong rapids. The ford I sought, as nearly as I could judge, was at least two miles distant; and between was a country not very easy of travel even in the daylight, and at this uncertain hour, full of danger for the unaccustomed wayfarer. Lamenting the folly which had exposed me to such perils, for the sake of escaping the perhaps imaginary ore of a conflict with the Highland robber, I pushed cautiously on, now glaring at some indefinite shadow in my path, which might be the opening of an abyss, and now starting as the roar of waters broke upon my ear, coming up, as it were, from the chasm at my feet. Have you ever traversed a wild uneven country when the twilight was fading into night?"

"Yes," said I, "and one not very far from yours—within the huge shadow of Ben Lomond."

"Then I need not describe the bewilderment of mind under which a man labors, the shock with which he strikes against a stone, while supposing that he is stepping down a declivity, and the headlong descent into which he plunges, while raising his foot to climb. In my case the uncertainty was all the more perplexing, from the knowledge I had that I was in the near neighborhood of precipices, diving sheer down several hundred feet to the bed of the river. It now became darker; the gusty wind came more wailing over the heath; and although the harvest moon had long risen, the glare she gave at long intervals through the densely-packed clouds only served to prophesy the danger it did not reveal."

"And the Highland thief? Where was he by this time?"

"I cannot tell. Sometimes I thought I saw his figure sketched upon the dull sky behind; and sometimes I heard—perhaps only in imagination—his footsteps close by my side. My thoughts, however, were now concentrated upon a much more imminent peril; for the night came down upon my path in thick darkness, and at length the moon ceased to emerge from the rack that hurried across the sky: but when the stratum of cloud was less dense than usual,

merely signified her whereabouts by a faint spectral gleam, that wrapped the world for an instant in a formless winding-sheet, and then left it to the blackness of the grave. My situation was very tantalising, for I could not be at any great distance from what I knew to be a safe and easy ford, at the opposite side of which my brother's lands commenced. It was impossible, however, to advance otherwise than slowly and cautiously; for although I could not tell the exact locality I was in, I knew that somewhere in this neighborhood there were frightful precipices, plunging sheer down into the river, and every now and then I continued to hear the ominous voice of the waters ascending from depths that seemed close at my feet. It was impossible, however, that this could continue much longer. I had now been for a considerable time in the tract of the elgs, and I should soon, no doubt, find the country begin to open, and sink into the smoothly-swelling mounds of turf that swept down like billows to the ford.

"I had, in fact, arrived at what appeared to me to be this point in my journey, for in front I suddenly missed—or imagined that I did so—the dark masses of shadow which the rocks and jungle had hitherto left upon the sky. I pushed forward with more confidence, although it was now almost pitch dark. I endeavored to persuade myself that I recognized the very stones over which I stumbled; and when turning the angle of a rock which I could feel like a wall upon my right hand, and almost see through the gloom, I was about to thank God that my difficulties were at an end. At that moment a wild cry smote upon my ear, and turning my head with a superstitious thrill, I saw, by one of the momentary glimpses of the moon, the plaided figure standing in relief against the sky. The idea, immediately flashed through my brain that I, in my sheltered situation, must be unseen by him, and that it would be to the last degree absurd to dare the issue of an encounter which he had seemed to defer purposely till I was completely worn out, and almost fainting from fatigue. Onward, therefore, I plunged; but on turning the angle of the wall of rock, there was another and a very different cry. It was the roar of waters, softened by distance, and yet seeming to come from some fathomless abyss at my very feet. I could not resist my impetus, for the ground sloped, although I had the presence of mind to throw myself down; but even this was unavailing, and I rolled over the precipice."

Here the narrator paused to wipe his brow, although the evening was cold. I began to feel nervous. The lights on the shore seemed to dance before my eyes, and I acknowledged that I awaited the sequel of the adventure in some trepidation.

"You are over the precipice," said I at length.

"Yes; but holding on, like grim-death, to the top, and digging my feet into its crevices. Yet to what purpose? My head was rather under than above the summit of the cliff; and being able to find a resting place only for the points of my toes, I had no purchase for an effort to climb. What possibility of escape was there left? Even had I been able to hang on for an indefinite time, I might be bleaching there for weeks in that wild and lonely country before attracting observation. I cried for help, hoping that the robber himself might hear me; but the sound fell dull and dead against the rock, and the kelpie voices below seemed to scream in derision. This was the rest to which I had returned after thirty years' battling with the world; this was the salutation I received from my native river! I think my brain began to waver, as the convulsions gathered force that I could not much longer maintain my hold; for I replied to the shrieking cries that rose from the abyss, and yelled hoarsely, not in hope, but defiance. But this mood was not of long duration; it was the last symptom of the fever which burned in my blood, through over-excitement of mind and body; and as my limbs began to stiffen, and my fingers to lose sensation, a dreamy calm descended upon my soul.

"Then rose the spirits of memory upon the night. Some there came from the village churchyard, embosomed in the gap of the mountains; they were my mother, two sisters and a baby phantom, who opened its arms as of yore, and tried to say 'Brother!' Some there came from beneath the tumbling surges of the Atlantic; they were my father and a young cousin. Some there came from the southern country, some from far lands, some from cities, some from hamlets; they were my friends, enemies, rivals, benefactors—fellow-wayfarers in the journey of life. How terrible it is to meet the dead! There was not one of that company I saw without self-reproach. Oh that I had listened to those saintly counsels which were wont to be poured into my ear in bed, till they mingled with the hymns of angels in my childish dreams! Oh that I had left harsh words unspoken, low sentiments unthought, ignoble deeds undone! And she!—is it possible that I judged her wrongly? Could that seeming phantom of delight be indeed a fiend of the abyss? or are the songs of poets true when they tell that faith, mercy and gentleness are attributes

of women, and that

"Love is no cheat, and happiness no dream?"

"My dear friend," said I, when he began to quote poetry, "were not your fingers benumbed by this time?"

"They were altogether devoid of sensation, and yet I felt that they were slipping slowly from their hold. At that moment a faint and momentary glimpse of the moon revealed a face looking down upon me from the brink of the cliff—a face which I recognized distinctly as that of the plaided Highlander. But what mattered this? I was surrounded by faces of all sorts, and the faint roar of the waters beneath was heavy with human voices. That this apparition was as unsubstantial as the rest, was evident from its looking at me with a strange and eager stare, without moving hand or foot either to rescue or destroy me; and yet it was not without a shudder that I saw it leap wildly from the precipice, and felt the waving of its plaid as it shot past me into the abyss.

"Fat to devil is t'ou sticking to the stanes for, like a wul'-cat?" cried the mocking spectre beneath me; and it drew my feet, with a sudden jerk, from the side of the precipice.—My benumbed fingers could no longer support the dead weight of my body; and as they slipped from their hold, a wild scream broke from my lips, and mingled with the manifold voices of the river below. I fell, and all was over." Here the narrator paused, and wiped his brow again.

"You were over," said I, with a gasp, as a sudden suspicion flashed across my mind that my friend was insane! "What became of you? Were you brained, or drowned, or hurried away in an eddy of the night-wind by the spectre Gael?"

"I lost my senses for a time, and when I reopened my eyes, the whole scene was steeped in a flood of moonlight. I was lying upon one of the billowy mounds of turf that sweep down to the ford; and looking up, I saw the edge of the face of rock from which I had fallen at a height of little more than six feet! Had I been able to put down my feet only a few inches, I should have felt the solid earth; but this being impossible without losing my hold of the summit, I had hung for more than an hour in a position as terrible as the mind of man can conceive, although its terrors were purely imaginary."

"And the Highlander!" said I, a little disconcerted, if the truth must be told, at my friend's safety.

"He was a favorite servant of my brother's, and had been deputed to conduct me home; although feeling, as he did instinctively, the mistrust and dislike with which I regarded him from the outset, and rendered diffident by his almost total ignorance of English, he had executed his mission by watching over me from a distance. After all, had it not been for the kindness of this faithful fellow's nature, united with his strength of limb, I must have passed the rest of the night on the hill-side, and thus submitted to a consummation I had suffered so much to avoid. But he supported me to the ford; and then catching me up in his arms, as I drew back, afraid of my feebleness, bore me across the torrent, striding from stone to stone with a firmness and rapidity of step that were altogether marvellous.

"And so ended the convoy of Donald MacDonald?"

"Not quite. Although a tender welcome, a good supper, and cosy bed restored me to my usual vigor, that was not the last night I stuck to these awful stones 'like a wul'-cat.' To this day, when my health is out of order, or my mind darkened with the shadows of the world, the midnight rock, the plaided Gael, and the spectre faces of the past, return upon my dreams—and perhaps I do not feel myself to be the worst man for having endured the horrors of the Highland Convoy."

L. R.

FATHER BURKE'S LECTURE

"The Pope.—The Crown which He Wears, and of which no Man can Deprive Him."

(From the *N.Y. Metropolitan Record*.)

The following magnificent lecture was delivered by the Very Rev. Father Burke in the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Long before the appointed time every available foot of standing room in the spacious building was occupied by an eager and expectant audience, numbering between three and four thousand ladies and gentlemen. The Rev. gentleman spoke as follows:—

MY FRIENDS: You are here, as an illustration of the old proverb, that a man can get used to anything. We say in Ireland that the cels got used to being skinned. (Laughter.) I have heard of a man who was seven times tossed by a mad ox, and he swore on the four Evangelists that he was tossed so often that he got to like it. The last time that I was in this great hall, when I looked up and saw the mass of friends that were around me, I confess that I was a little frightened. This evening I have got used to it. (Laughter.) I have also got used to your kindness; got used to it—yes, and I hope I shall never abuse it.

We are assembled this evening, my dear friends, to contemplate the greatest work of all the works that the Almighty God ever created—namely, THE CONSTITUTION OF OUR HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH. (Applause.) In every work of God it has been well observed that the Creator's mind shows itself in the wonderful harmony that we behold in all His works. Therefore the poet has justly said that "Order is Heaven's first law." But if this be true of earthly things, how much more truly wonderful does that harmony of God, in the order which is the very expression of the Divine mind, come forth and appear when we come to contemplate the glorious church which Jesus Christ first founded upon this earth. The glorious church I call her, and in using those words I only quote the inspired Scriptures of God; for we are told that this church, which Christ the Lord established, is a glorious church, without spot or speck or wrinkle, or any such thing, or defect of any kind, but all perfect, all glorious, and fit to be what He intended Her to be—the immaculate spouse of the Son of God. (Applause.)

Now, that our Divine Redeemer intended to establish such a church upon the earth is patent from the repeated words of the Lord himself; for it will appear that one of the strongest intentions that was in the mind of the Redeemer, and one of the primary conceptions of His wisdom, was to establish upon this earth a church, of which He speaks, over and over again, saying, "I will build my Church so that the gates of Hell shall never prevail against it." "He that will not hear the voice of the Church, let him be as if he were a heathen or an infidel." And so, throughout the Gospels, we find the Son of God, again and again alluding to His Church, proclaiming that that Church was to be, and set upon her the signs by which all men were to know her as a patent and self-evident fact among the nations of the world until the end of time. (Applause.) And what idea does our Lord give us of His Church? He tells us, first of all, and tells us over and over again, that His Church is to be a kingdom, and He calls it "My Kingdom." And elsewhere, in repeated portions of the Gospel, he speaks of it as "the Kingdom of God," and one time he says, "The Kingdom of God is like unto a city, which was built upon the mountain side, so that all men might behold it." And again, "The Kingdom of God is like unto a candle set upon the candlestick, so that it might shed its light throughout the whole house, and that everyone entering the house might behold it." And again, "the Kingdom of God is like unto a net cast out into the sea, and sweeping in all that comes in its way—fish, good and bad." And so throughout, Christ always speaks of His Church as a kingdom that He was to establish upon this earth. When, therefore, any meditative, thoughtful man reads the Scriptures reverently, unimpassionedly, without a film of prejudice over his eyes, he must come to the conclusion that Christ, beyond all, founded a spiritual kingdom upon this earth, and that kingdom was so founded as to be easily recognized by all men. Now, if we once let into our minds the idea that the Church of Christ is a kingdom, we must at once admit into the idea of the church an organization which is necessary for every kingdom upon this earth. And what is the first element of a nation? I answer that the first element of a nation is to have a head or ruler. Call him what you will—elect him as you will. Is it a republic? it must have a president. Is it a monarchy? it must have its king. Is it an empire? it must have its emperor; and so on. But the moment you imagine a state or a kingdom of any kind without a head, that moment you destroy out of your mind the very idea of a state united for certain purposes and governed by certain known and acknowledged ideas called laws. That head of the nation must be the supreme tribunal of the nation. From him, in his executive office, all subordinate officers hold their power; and, even, though he be elected by the people and chosen from among the people, the moment he is set at the head of the state or nation, that moment he is the representative or embodiment of the fountain of authority. Every one wielding power within that nation must bow to him. Every one exercising jurisdiction within the nation must derive it from him. He, I say again, may derive it, even, from the choice of the people; but when he is thus elevated he forms one unit, to which everything in the state is bound to look up. This is the very first idea and notion which the word State or kingdom involves. It follows, therefore, that, if the Church founded by Christ be a Kingdom, the church must have a head; and, if you can imagine a Church without a head, yet retaining its consistency, its strength, its unity and its usefulness, for any purpose for which it was created, you can imagine a thing that it is impossible to my mind, or to the mind of any reasonable man, to conceive. Luther imagined it, when he broke up the nations of the earth with his Protestant heresy, when he rent asunder the sacred garment of unity that girded the fair form of the holy church, the Spouse of God. When he broke up the church, he was obliged to establish the principle of head-ship. The church of England had her head; the church of Denmark had her head; that is to say, her fountain of jurisdiction, her ruling authority, her unity, the existence of which in all these states we see, with at least the appearance of religion, kept up,—the phantasm of a real church. It is true, my friends, when you come to analyze these different heads that spring up from the different Protestant churches in the various countries of Europe, we shall find some amongst them, that I believe here, in America, would be called "soreheads." (Applause.) Harry the Eighth was a remarkable sore-head. Perhaps, if he had got a good combing from the Almighty God in this world, he would not get so bad a combing as he is, in all probability, receiving where he now is (applause.)

We next come to the question: Who is the

head of the Church of Christ? Who is the ruler? Before I answer this question, my friends, I will ask you to rise, in imagination and thought, to the grandeur of the idea that fills the mind with the unfathomable wisdom of God, when He was laying the foundations and sinking them deeply into the earth—the foundations of His Church.

What purpose had Christ the Son of God, in view that He should establish the Church at all? He answers, and tells us really, that He had two distinct purposes in view, and that it was the destiny of the Church which He was about to found, to make these purposes known and carry them out, and with the extension of them to spread herself and be faithful unto the consummation of the world. What were these purposes? The first of these was to enlighten the world and dispel darkness by the light of her teachings. Wherefore He said to His Apostles, "You are the light of the world. Let your light shine before men that all men may see you, and seeing you may give glory to your Father, who is in heaven." "You are the light of the world," He says. "A man does not light a candle and put it under a bushel, but sets it up in a candlestick, that it may illumine the whole house, and that all men entering may behold it. So I say unto you, you are the light of the world and the illumination of all ages." This was the first purpose for which Christ founded His Church. The world was in darkness. Every light had beamed upon it, but in vain. The light of Pagan philosophy, even the highest human knowledge, had beamed forth from Plato, and from the philosophers, but it was unable to penetrate the thick veil that over-shadowed the intellect and the genius of men, and to illumine that intelligence with one ray of celestial or divine truth. (Applause.) The light of genius had beamed upon it. The noblest works of art this earth ever beheld were raised before the admiring eyes of the Pagans of the world, but neither the pencil of Praxiteles, nor the chisel of Phidias bringing forth the highest forms of artistic beauty were able to elevate the mind of the Pagan to one pure thought of the God who made him. Every human light had tried in vain to dispel this thick cloud of darkness. The light of God alone could do it, and that light came with Jesus Christ from heaven. Wherefore he said: "I am the light of the world;" and "in Him," says the Evangelist, "was life, and the life was the light of men."

The next mission of the Church was not only to illumine the darkness, but to heal the corruption of the world, which had grown literally rotten in the festering of its own spiritual ulcers, until every form that human crime can take was not only established amongst men, but acknowledged amongst them—crowned amongst them; not only acknowledged and avowed, but actually lifted up upon their altars and deified in the midst of them, so that men were taught to adore as God—the shameful impersonation of their own licentiousness, debauchery and sin. Terrible was the moral condition of the world when the hand of an angry God was forced to draw back the flood-gates of heaven and sweep away the corruption which prevailed through the flesh, until the spiritual God beheld no vestige of his resemblance left in man! Terrible was the corruption when the same hand was obliged once more to be put forth, and down from the heaven of heavens came a rain of living fire, and burned up a whole nation because they were corrupt! Terrible was the corruption when the Almighty God called upon every pure-minded man to draw the sword in the name of the God of Israel and smite his neighbor and his friend, until a whole nation was swept a way from out the twelve tribes of Israel! Christ was sent as our head, and He came and found a world one festering and corrupt ulcerous sore; and he laid upon it the saving salve of his mercy, and he declared that he was the purifier of society; and to his disciples he said: "You are not only the life of the world to dispel its darkness, but you are the salt of the earth to heal and sweeten and to preserve a corrupt and a fallen nature." (Applause.) This is the second great mission of the Church of God, to heal with her sacramental touch, to purify with her holy grace, to wipe away the corruption, and to prevent its return by laying the healing influence of divine grace there. This is the mission of the Church of God—which was Christ's—to be unto the end of time the light of the world and the salt of the earth. And from this two-fold office of the Church of God, I argue that God himself—the God who founded her, the God who established her in so much glory and for so high and holy a purpose, the God who made her and created her, his fairest and most beautiful work—that God must remain with her, and be her true head until the end of time. And why? Who is the light of the world? I am, says Jesus Christ. Who is the purifier of the world? I am, responds the same Christ. If then thou Christ be the purifier of the earth and the light of the world, tell us, Oh Master, can light or grace or purity come from any other source than thee? He answers no; the man who seeks it but in Me finds for his light darkness, and for his healing, corruption and death. The man who plants upon any other soil than mine, plants indeed, but the heavenly Father's hand shall pluck out what he plants. Christ therefore is the true head of His church, the abiding head of his church, the unfailing, ever watchful head of his church, and is as much to-day the head of the church as he was 1800 years ago. Christ to-day is the real head, the abiding head. He arose from the dead after he had lain three days in darkness. He had said to his Apostles: "I am about to leave you, but it will only be for a little; a little while and you shall not see me any more, but after a very little while you shall see me again, and then I will not leave you orphans, I will come to you again, and I will remain with you all days unto the consummation of the world." (Applause.) Oh! my friends, what a consoling thought this unfailing promise of the words of the Redeemer. Oh! what a consolation has this world in Him, who said: "Heaven and earth shall pass away—my Word shall never pass away; I am with you all days unto the consummation of the world." And how is He with us? Is he with us visibly? No. Do we behold him with our eyes? No. Do we hear his own immediate voice? No. Have any of you ever seen him or heard him immediately and directly as John the Evangelist saw him when he was upon the cross; as Mary heard him when He said to her: "I am the resurrection and the life." No. Yet He founded a visible kingdom, a kingdom which was to be set upon the earth, as a candle set upon the candlestick. Therefore if He is at the head of that kingdom, if He is to preside over it, if He is to rule and govern it, a visible kingdom, He must show himself visibly. This He does not. In His second and abiding coming He hides himself within the golden gates of the Tabernacle, and there He abides and remains; but when it was a question of governing His church, Christ our Lord himself appointed a visible head. And who was this? He called twelve men around Him. He gave them power and jurisdiction, he gave them the glorious mission of the Apostles; He gave them a communication of His own spirit; he gave them inspiration. He breathed his Holy Spirit, the Third Person of the blessed Trinity, upon them, and He took one of the twelve, and He spoke to one man three most important words. They were meant for that one man alone, and the proof is that on each occasion when Christ spoke to him He called the twelve around Him, and He spoke to that one man alone in the

presence of the other eleven, and that there might be eleven witnesses to the privileges and the power of the one. Who was that one man? St. Peter. St. Peter was chosen among the Apostles. St. Peter, not up to that time the one that was most loved, for John was the disciple whom Jesus loved; St. Peter whom, more than any of the others, was reproved by his Lord, in the severest terms. St. Peter who, almost more than any of the others, and more than any of the others who were faithful, showed his weakness until the confirming power of the Holy Ghost came upon him. Peter was the one chosen, and here are the three words which Christ spoke. First of all He said, "Thou art the rock upon whom I shall build my church." Christ heard the people speaking of Him, and He said, "Who do they say I am?" and the Apostles answered, "Lord, some of them say you are Jeremiah, and some of them say you are John the Baptist." Then Christ asked them solemnly, "Who do you say I am?" Down went Peter on his knees, and cried out, "Thou art Christ, the Son of the Living God." Then Christ, our Lord, said to him, "Blessed art thou, Simon, son of John, because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my Father, who is in heaven. And I say to thee that thou art Cephas, and upon this rock I will build my church." (Applause.) The man who denies to Peter the glorious and wonderful privilege of being the visible foundation underlying the church of God and upholding it, is untrue to Christ the head of the church.

The second word that the Son of God spoke to Peter was this: "To thee, oh Peter," he says, in the presence of the others, "To thee, oh Peter, do I give the keys of the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever thou shalt bind upon earth shall be bound in heaven, and whosoever thou shalt loose upon earth shall be loosed in heaven." He gave his promise to them all, but to Peter singly he said: "To thee do I give the keys of the kingdom of heaven." That is, the supreme power over the Church.

On another occasion, Christ, our Lord spoke to Peter, and the others were present, and he said to him, "Peter, behold, the devil has asked for thee, that he might grind thee like powder, and oh, Peter, I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not, and do thou, oh Peter, being confirmed in thy faith, confirm thy brethren."

Now, any man who denies to Peter in the church that eternal kingdom that is never to come to an end, and to Peter and his successors, the power over his brethren to confirm them in the faith which was the subject of the prayers of the Son of God to his Father—any man who denies the supremacy of Peter gives the lie to Jesus Christ (loud applause). Then, on another solemn occasion on which the Son of God spoke to Peter, when he was preparing to bid his apostles and disciples a last farewell. They had seen him crucified; they had seen him lie disfigured, mangled, in the silent tomb. From that tomb, with a power which was all his own, he rose like the lightning of God to the heavens, sending before him, howling and shrieking all the demons of hell, conquered and subdued. Now his Apostles gathered about him. Suddenly a flash lights up the heavens, and he appears in their midst. Then he goes straight to Peter; they were all there; he goes straight to Peter and he says: "Simon Peter, do you love me more than all these?" Peter did not know what he meant, and he said, "Lord, I love you." A second time, after a pause, an awful pause, the Son of God said: "Simon, son of John, lovest thou me more than these?" Peter said, "Lord, I love thee."

Another dreadful, awful pause, and a third time he raised his voice, and letting the majesty of God flash out from him, he says: "Simon, son of John, lovest thou me more than these?" And then Peter, bursting into tears, said, "Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." Then said the Redeemer, "Feed my lambs, feed my sheep." (Applause.) Elsewhere the same Redeemer said: "There shall be but one fold and one shepherd, and he laid his hand upon the head of Peter and said, 'Thou art Peter the son of John, be thou the shepherd of the one fold—feed my lambs and feed my sheep.' He who denies, therefore, to Peter's successor, whoever he is, the one headship, the one office, and the one shepherd in the one fold of God, gives the lie to Jesus Christ, the God of truth.

Well, the day of the Ascension came. For forty days did Christ remain discoursing with his Apostles, instructing them concerning the kingdom of God, and when the forty days were over he led them forth from Jerusalem into the silent, beautiful mountain of Olivet, and there, as they were around him, and he was speaking to them, and telling them of things concerning the Kingdom of God—that is, the Church—slowly, wonderfully, majestically they beheld his figure rise from the earth, and as it arose above their heads it caught a new glory and splendor that was shed down upon it from the broken and the rent heavens above. They followed him with their eyes. They saw him pass from ring to ring of light. Their ears caught the music of the nine choirs of heaven, of millions of angels who from the clouds saluted the coming Lord. They strained their eyes and their hands after him. They lifted up their voices saying, as did they of old to Elias: "Oh! thou chariot of Israel! wilt thou leave us now and abandon us forever?" And from the clouds that were surrounding him he waved to them his last blessing, and their straining eyes caught the last lustre and brightness of his figure as it disappeared in the empyrean of heaven and was caught up to the throne of God. Then an angel flashed into their presence, and said: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye here looking up to the heavens, to behold Jesus of Nazareth? I say to you, you shall behold him coming from heaven, even as he has gone into heaven this day." And the eleven disciples bent their knees to Peter, the living representative of the supremacy, the truth, and the purity of Jesus Christ. (Applause.)

Henceforth the life of Peter, and of Peter's successor, became the great leading light, around which, and towards which, the whole history of the world revolved. It became the central point, to which everything upon this earth must tend, because, in the designs of God, the things of time are but for the things of eternity; and Peter, in being the representative and vicary of the Son of God upon the earth—in the external headship and government of the Church—was the only man who came nearest to God, who had most of God in him and most of God in his power—in the distribution of his grace, in the attributes that belong to the Saviour—and, consequently, became the first and highest and greatest of men, and the only man that was necessary in this world. How many long and weary years Peter labored in his Master's cause watering the way of his life with the tears of an abiding sorrow—in that, in an hour of weakness, he had betrayed Jesus Christ, until, at length, many years after the Saviour's ascension into heaven, an old man was brought forth from a deep dungeon in Rome. There were chains upon his aged limbs, and he was bowed down with care and with austerity to the earth. The few white hairs upon his head fell upon his aged and drooping shoulders. Meekly his lips murmured as in prayer, while he toiled up the steep, rugged side of one of the seven hills of Rome, and when he had gained the summit, lo! as in Jerusalem, many years before, there was a cross and there were three nails. They nailed the aged man to that cross, straining his time-worn limbs, until they drove the nails into his hands and feet, and then when they were about to lift him, a faint prayer came from his lips, and the crucified man said: "There was One in Jerusalem whose royal head was lifted towards Heaven upon a cross, and he was my Lord and my God, Jesus Christ. I am not worthy," he said, "to be made like him, even in suffering, and therefore, I pray you that you crucify me with my head towards the earth, from which I came." And so thus elevated, he died, and the first Pope passed away.

For three hundred years Pope had succeeded Pope. Peter had no sooner left the world than Linus took his sceptre and governed the Church of God. Though down in the catacombs, yet he governed the Church of God. Every bishop in the church, every power in the church recognized him and obeyed him as the representative of God—the living head, the earthly vicary of the invisible, but real head—Jesus Christ. For three hundred years after Pope died, and sealed his faith in the Church of God with a martyr's blood, and then, after three hundred years of dire persecution the Church of God was free, and she walked the earth in all the majesty and purity of her beauty. In the fifth century the Roman Empire yet preserved the outward form of its majesty and power. All the nations of the earth bowed to Rome. All the conquered looked to Rome as their masters, and as the centre of the world, when, suddenly, from the forests and snows of the North, poured down the Huns, the Goths and Visigoths, in countless thousands and hundreds of thousands. The barbarian hordes sallied from their fastnesses and, led by their savage kings, broke to pieces the whole Roman Empire, and shattered the whole fabric of Pagan civilization to atoms. They rode rough-shod over the Roman citizens and their rulers, burned their palaces and destroyed whole cities, leaving them a pile of smoldering ruins. Every vestige of ancient Pagan civilization and power, glory and art and science, went down and disappeared under the tramp of the horses of Attila. One power, alone, stood before those ruthless destroyers one power alone opened its arms to receive them, one power arrested them in their career of blood and victory, and that power was the Catholic Church. (Applause.) In that day, says a Protestant historian, the Catholic Church saved the world, and out of these rude elements formed the foundation of the civilization, the liberty and the joy which is our portion in this nineteenth century. (Applause.) In the meantime Rome was destroyed. The fairest provinces of Gaul, Spain, Italy and Germany were overrun by the barbarians and the people oppressed, fathers of families cut off, hearth-fires extinguished, and the blood of the young ravished maiden and of the weeping mother wantonly shed. The people in their agony cried out to the only man whom the barbarians revered and respected, whom the whole world recognized as something tinged with Divinity—the Pope of Rome—the cry of an anguished people went forth from end to end of Italy; and in that ninth century the cry was, Save us from ruin! Cover us with the mantle of your protection! Be thou our monarch and king! and then, and then only, can we expect to be saved! (Applause.) Then did the Pope of Rome clothe himself with a new power, independent of that which he had received already, and which was recognized from the beginning—namely, that temporal power and sovereignty, that crown of a monarch, that place at the council chambers of kings, that voice in the guidance of nations and in the influencing of the destinies of the material world which, for century after century, he exercised, but which we, in our day, have seen him deprived of by the hands of those who have plucked the kingly crown from his aged and venerable brow. How did he exercise that power? How did he wear that crown? What position does he hold, as his figure rises up before the historical vision of the student, looking back into the past and beholding him as he passes amongst the long file of kings and warriors of the earth? O, my friends, no sword dripping with blood is seen in the hand of the Pope-King but only the sceptre of justice and of law. No cries of suffering and afflicted people surround him, but only the blessings of peace and of a delighted and consoled world. No blood follows, flowing in the path of his progress. That path is strewn with the tears of those who wept with joy at his approach, and with the flowers of peace and of contentment. He used his power—and history bears me out when I say it—the power which was providentially put into his hands, by which he was made not only a king among kings, but the first recognized monarch in Christendom, and the king, highest among kings, and the man whose voice governed the kings of the earth, convened their councils, directed their course, reproved them in their errors, and restrained them from shedding the blood of their people, and from the commission of other injustices—all these powers he used for the good of God's people. He used that power for a thousand years for purposes of clemency, of law, of justice and of freedom. (Applause.) When Spain and Portugal, in the zenith of their power, each commanding mighty armies, were about to draw the sword and devastate the fair plains of Castile and Andalusia, the Pope came in and said, "Mighty kings though you be, I will not permit you to shed the blood of your people in an unnecessary war." When Philip Augustus, of France, at the height of his power and when he was the strongest king in Christendom, wished to repudiate his lawful wife and to take another one in her stead, the injured woman appealed to Rome, and from Rome came the voice of Rome's king, saying to him—"O monarch, great and mighty as thou art, if thou doest this injustice to thy married wife and scandalize the world by thine impurity, I will send the curse of God and of His Church upon you, and cut you off like a rotten branch from among the community of kings." (Applause.) When Henry VIII, of England, wished to put away from him the pure and high-minded and lawful mother of his children, because his licentious eyes had fallen upon a younger and fairer form than hew, the Pope of Rome said to him: "If you commit this iniquity, if you repudiate your lawful wife if you set up the principle that because you are a king you can violate the law, if no power in your own country is able to bring you to account for it, my hand will come down upon you, and I will cut you off from the communion of the faithful, and fling you, with the curse of God upon you, out upon the world." (Applause.) And I say that in such facts as these—and I might multiply them by the hundred—the Pope of Rome used his temporal sovereignty and his kingly power among the nations in establishing the sacred cause of human liberty. [Applause.] I speak of human liberty—I speak of liberty. I thank my God that I am breathing an air in which a free man may speak the language of freedom. [Applause.]

I have a right to speak of freedom, for I am the child of a race that for eight hundred years have been martyred in the sacred cause of freedom.—[Applause.] Never did a people love it, since the world was created, as the children of Ireland who enjoy it less than all the nations. (Applause.) I can speak this night, but rather with the faltering voice of an infant than with the full swelling tones of a man, for I have loved thee, oh, mother liberty. [Applause.] Thy fair face was veiled from mine eyes from the days of my childhood. I longed to see the glistening of thy pure eyes, O liberty. I never saw it until I set my foot upon the soil of glorious young Columbia. [Applause.] And there, rising out of this great western ocean, like Aphrodite of old—like Venus from the foam of the rolling billows, I beheld the goddess in all her beauty, and as a priest, as well as an Irishman, I bow down to thee. [Applause.] But what is liberty? Does it consist in every man having a right to do as he likes? Why, if it does, it would remind one of the liberty that a man took with a friend of mine in Ireland. He took the liberty to go into the man's house, and to sit down without being asked. [Laughter.] And he took the liberty to make free with the victuals, and, at last, the man of the house was obliged to take the liberty of kicking him down stairs. (Laughter.) No, my friends, this is not liberty. The quintessence of freedom lies not in the power of every man to do what he likes, but that quintessence of freedom and liberty lies in every man having his rights clearly defined. No

matter who he is, from the first to the last, from the humblest to the highest in the community, let every man know his own rights. Let him know what power he has and what privileges. Give him every reasonable freedom and liberty, and secure that to man's rights and defend them by law, make every man in the State, from the highest to the lowest, from the President down to the poorest, the greatest and the noblest, as well as the humblest and the meanest—let every man be obliged to bow down before the omnipotence of the law. (Applause.) A people that knows its rights, a people that has its rights thus defined, a people that is resolved to assert the omnipotence of those rights—that people can never be enslaved. (Applause.) Now, this being the definition of liberty—and I am sure that it comes home like conviction to every man in this house—what is freedom? That I know what rights I have, and that no man will be allowed to infringe them. Give me every reasonable right, and when I have these, secure them to me, and keep away from me every man that dares to impede me in the exercise of them that I may exercise them freely, and that I may be free as a bird that flies and wings its way through the air.

Now I ask you, who is the father of this liberty that we enjoy to-day—who is the father of it, if not the man who stood before the barbarian, coming down to waste, with fire and sword—to abolish the government and destroy the people—the man that stood between him and the people and said: "Let us make laws, and you respect them, and I will get the people to respect them." That man was the Pope of Rome. (Applause.) Who was that man that, for a thousand years, as a crowned monarch, was the very impersonation of the principle of law but the Pope? Who was the man that was equally ready to crush the poor man and the rich man, the king and the people—to crush them by the weight of his authority when they violated that law and refused to recognize that palladium of human liberty? It was the Pope of Rome. Who was the man whose genius inspired and whose ability contributed to the foundation and the very institutions of the Italian republics and of the ancient liberties of Spain in the early middle ages? Who was the man that protected them from the tyranny of the cruel barons, immured in their castles? He was the man whose house was a sanctuary for the weak and persecuted, who surrounded that house with all the censures and vengeance of the Church against anyone who would violate its sanctity. Who labored, by degrees, patiently, for more than a thousand years, until he at length succeeded in elaborating the principles of modern freedom and modern society from out the chaotic ruin and confusion of these ages of barbarism? Who was he?—the father of civilization—the father of the world? History asserts, and asserts loudly, that he was the royal Pope of Rome.—(Applause.) And now the gratitude of the world has been to shake his ancient and time-honored throne, and to pluck the kingly crown from his brow in his old age; after seventy years of usefulness and of glory, and to confine him a prisoner, practically, in the Vatican Palace in Rome. A prisoner, I say, practically, for how can he be considered other than a prisoner, who cannot go out of his palace into the streets of the city, without hearing the ribaldry, the profanity, the obscenity and the blasphemy, to which his aged, pure and virgin ears had never lent themselves for a moment of his life. Yes—he is unthroned, but not dishonored; uncrowned, but not dishonored; not uncrowned by the wish of his own people, I assert, for I have lived for twelve years amidst them, and I know he never expressed them. He never drove them forth—the youth of his subjects—to be slaughtered on the battlefield, because he had some little enmity or jealousy against his fellow-monarch. He never loaded them with taxes nor oppressed them until life became too heavy to bear. Uncrowned indeed, but not dishonored, though we behold him seated in the desolate halls of the once-glorious Vatican, abandoned by all human help, and by the sympathy of nearly all the world! But upon those aged brows there rests a crown—a triple crown, that no human hand can ever pluck from his brow, because that crown has been set on that head by the hand of Jesus Christ and by his church. [Applause.] That triple crown my friends, is the crown of spiritual supremacy, the crown of infallibility, and the crown of perpetuity. In the day when Christ said to Peter: "Confirm thou them; feed my lambs feed my sheep; to thee I give the keys of the kingdom of heaven"—in that day he made Peter supreme among the Apostles. His words meant this, or they meant nothing. Peter wielded that sceptre of supremacy, and nothing is more clearly pointed out in the subsequent inspired history of the church, as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, than the fact that when Peter spoke every other man, Apostle or otherwise, was silent, and accepted Peter's word as the last decision, from which there was no appeal. Never, in the church of God, has Peter's successor ceased to assert broadly, emphatically and practically this primacy. Never was a Council convened in the Catholic church except on the commands of the Pope. Never did a Council of Bishops presume to sit down and deliberate upon matters of faith and morals except under the guidance and in the presence of the Pope, either personally there, or there by his officers or legates. Never was a letter read at the opening of any Council, and they were constantly sent to each succeeding Council, but that the bishops of the church did not rise up and proclaim, "We hear the voice of the Pope, which is the voice of Peter, and Peter's voice is the echo of the voice of Jesus Christ." Never did any man in the church of God presume to appeal from the tribunal of the Pope, even to the church in council, without having the taint of heresy affixed upon him, and the curse of disobedience and schism put upon him.

Now, for centuries it has been the recognized principle of the Catholic church that no man can lawfully appeal to any tribunal from the decision of the Pope in matters spiritual or in matters touching faith and morality, because there is no tribunal to appeal to above him save that of God. He represents, as the visible head of the church, the invisible head, who is no other than Jesus Christ. (Applause.) The consequence is that the church is a kingdom, like every other state, has its last grand tribunal, just like the House of Lords in England just like the Chief Justiceship in America, the High Court of Justice at Washington, from which there is no appeal. What follows from this? There is no appeal from the Pope's decision. There never has been. Is the church bound to abide by the decision? Most certainly, for history proves it in every age. Never has any man risen against the Pope's decisions without being branded as one tainted with heresy and cut off from the church. Is the church bound to abide by his decision? Certainly, because the church is bound in obedience to her head, and one man alone commands the obedience of the church and the duty of submission, and that man has been the Pope. He has always commanded it, and no one has dared to appeal from his decision, because, as I said before, he is the Vicary, the Visible Head of the Church, and in whom, officially, is the voice of Jesus Christ present with His church. (Applause.)

Now what follows from this, my friends? If it be true that the church of God can never believe a lie, if it be true that she can never be called by a voice that she is bound to obey to accept a lie, if it be true that nothing false in doctrine or unsound in morality can ever be received by the church of God, or ever be imposed upon her—for he said, who founded her: "The gates of hell shall never prevail against my church"—then it follows, that if there be no appeal

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

ENGLISH THOUGHT VS. IRISH EDUCATION.—The religious—or rather the irreligious—condition of England has been from time to time painted by Englishmen themselves, but scarcely ever in broader or more repulsive colors than by Mr. Gladstone at the meeting in aid of the King's College Fund, held at the Willis's Rooms, London, on Tuesday week. The Englishman is particularly interesting to us at the present moment as furnishing a moral estimate of the results to be expected if the parties referred to by Mr. Gladstone should so far influence public opinion as to impose their educational views, on any party engaged in educational legislation for Ireland. It seems—as if from a nation in which a powerful and rapidly increasing section of the community ignore God and mock Christianity as an obsolete myth—only adhered to by the fraudulent or the foolish—that Ireland is to accept the educational scheme which is to direct the mind, inform the soul, and mould the morals of the people. Are there amongst us those who will say that a Parliament composed of Irish gentlemen—or of any Irishmen, no matter what their grade or position—would not, in legislating on such matters, be infinitely preferable to a legislative assembly tainted, and in many able to a legislative assembly tainted with the infamous cases professedly indoctrinated with the infamous tenets of the secularist school—a school which openly proclaims the non-existence of God, and the spoliations of human ignorance, vanity, and egotism? If such there be let them hear what Mr. Gladstone has to say on the growth and influence of English infidelity, and then judge of the advantages likely to result to Ireland from the introduction of an educational system, of which these apostles of perdition are the promoters and advocates. There are some amongst us who still profess faith in modern liberalism, but this much must be said in protest against their credulity—and a warning to the pure and pious people of Ireland—that the worst evils inflicted on our country by their not less bloodthirsty successors, should be regarded as a mild chastisement of heaven, compared with the dreadfulness of evil which would result from the introduction amongst us of the infamous tenets of the modern school of English freethought. Here is the sect of secular philosophers as described by Mr. Gladstone, mixed up in a sentence in which he expresses his belief that the recent decrees of Rome, "resemble the proclamation of a perpetual war against the progress and movement of the human mind." He finds—and he adds nothing more common—not among the uneducated classes of society, but in the very best type, and in the best bindings, on the tables of drawing-rooms and of clubs, works in which Christianity is spoken of as an antiquated superstition, and in which it is assumed that no man whose judgment can be worth a moment's consideration, regards it as any longer fit for any purpose other than to be the comfort, perhaps of the less intelligent and instructed portion of mankind. The consequence, as might be anticipated, is the moral and social condition in which the English people wallow, and which has scarcely had a parallel in history since the Roman Empire fell, rotten in its own iniquity. It is singular that Mr. Gladstone, though perceiving all this, cannot see its true cause, and devise the means of arresting the progress of the evil. Not only does he not do so, but goes out of his way to hold up to condemnation the only power on earth which unceasingly wrestles with this new manifestation of the demon power that ever insidiously labours to divert mankind from the ways of truth. Mr. Gladstone's early hostility to Rome is apparent, while he stands helplessly awaiting the voice of a prophet to rouse England to a sense of danger, and dispel the mixed-minded power on whose work he now looks with apprehension and alarm. He awaits for one of those visitations of "particular individuals" who "in a great crisis of human history" will sometimes arise and reveal the ways of God to man in such a manner "that man would be liable to term them providential in a pre-scientific age." Clearly Mr. Gladstone does not realise the promise of Christ to be always with His Church and fancies that England is to be made moral and religious by casual and spasmodic revelations. Mr. Gladstone's grandiloquence translated into simple English, means that there is no power on earth to guide and direct mankind, but that all things are left to providential dispensation, incessant and capricious. That England needs a new revelation we are ready to admit, but as there has been no manifestation of the kind in modern times save the insane and ridiculous exhibition known as "the revival" a few years since, we fancy the world will be slow to recognise in Mr. Gladstone the forerunner of the new prophet. It is curious to see the Premier in his new role emulating the fame of Dr. Cumming. The one foretells the destruction of the world, the other the approach of a prophet who is to work out the moral and religious regeneration of England. We suppose we will not be liable to the charge of reckless irreverence if we evince curiosity to know which event is expected first. The demon of science which has "gone to war with Providence" and "driven it from the field" discomfited, so that now the English people "have the happiness of living in the scientific age when providence is no longer to be treated as otherwise than an ugly dream," will, we fear, have a large role before the advent of the prophet, which Mr. Gladstone's presence anticipates. But the consideration which Mr. Gladstone's words suggest to the people of Ireland is whether he and the people he describes are the fit and proper persons to frame laws and constitutions for a scheme of education suitable to the spiritual and social wants of a pious and moral nation. Mr. Gladstone deprecates the action of Rome, and by implication denies the right of the Church to educate and direct the mind of the people in opposition to the spurious theories mis-called science, the evil of whose acceptance in England he sees and deprecates. These very same people who deny God are becoming dictators in politics, and from both these sources Ireland is to accept a legislative measure which is to direct her education in the future. There is no *via media*; for the non-conformists represented by the Manchester Conference are as adverse to Denominational Education as the Infidel Secularists, and more keenly sensitive to the backslidings of Rome than Mr. Gladstone himself. The Church party alone—from the selfish instinct of self-preservation—hangs out its banner, bearing the scroll Religion Still, but invidiously determined to deny to Ireland that which they claim for themselves. Amongst them we are bewildered as we speculate on the chances of the future. But of this we are as certain as of our own existence, that the Infidel doctrine which Mr. Gladstone deprecates and deplors in England will never prevail on our shores, and that the faith of Ireland will be as dearly cherished by her people in the future as in the days of her persecution though Mr. Gladstone's prophet should never arise and the English nation should sink to ruin in the rottenness of the social system which has grown out of her repudiation of the faith. The spirit of Ireland has been ever true to the faith and this truth she will preserve despite the machinations of her enemies, whether struggling in and alien Parliament for religious freedom in her schools, or establishing her right to independent nationhood. —Wexford People.

of that Legislature—for the restoration of which the Home Rulers are using arguments, in contrast with the "Constitutional" means by which it was flung away in those old days of political infamy—the writer of "English Administrations and Catholic Interests" gives the following interesting quotations. Sir John Barrington says:—"The Catholic body were misled, or neutralized, throughout the entire of that unfortunate era. In 1798 they were hanged; in 1799 they were caressed; in 1800 they were ejected; in 1801 they were discarded; and after a lapse of 26 years they were complaining louder than when they were in slavery." Lord Yelverton (Avonmore), unlike Lord Clare, had been the Catholics' friend, and his vote for the Union was a blot on his fame. The speech which he made on the relaxation of the penal code in 1782 has been entirely lost, and the only record that we have of it is in the words of Grattan, who, in a debate on the Roman Catholic question, on May 25th, 1803, said:—"The iniquities of the penal code were detailed by the late Lord Avonmore—I heard him—his speech was the whole of the subject, and a concatenated and inspired argument not to be resisted; it was the march of an elephant, in the wave of the Atlantic, a column of water three thousand miles deep. He began with the Catholic at his birth, he followed him to his grave; he showed that in every period he was hounded by the law—the law stood at his cradle, it stood at his bridal bed, and it stood at his coffin." As to Lord Cornwallis, the Viceroy, it cannot be said that he did more than cajole the Catholics instrumentally. He was more sinned against than sinning. He was in the hands of a subtler and stronger intellect—that of Lord Castlereagh. He was led to believe by the Secretary that the English Cabinet favoured Emancipation to a larger extent than was really the case; thus, too, Catholics were cajoled into believing what was in fact most improbable, if not impossible at that time—namely, that Emancipation would immediately follow the Union. Lord Chief Baron Yelverton, could not avoid paying a tribute to the upright character of his early friend, Grattan, when he made his last speech in the Irish House of Lords. "I have lived," he said, "to see an illustrious friend of mine at one time idolized as a deity, and at another disfranchised as a traitor—the fact of an intemperate corporation, whose censure could no more depreciate, than their applause could enhance, the value of a character which will always sustain itself. I have lived, and am proud to say it, in habits of intimacy with him, and know him to be as incapable of engaging in any plan for separating this country from Great Britain as the most strenuous advocate for the present measure. If there be any young man within hearing who feels himself enamoured of popularity, I shall beg leave to give him a short lesson of instruction. Let him keep himself for ever engaged in the pursuit of some unattainable object; let him make the impracticability of his measures the foundation of his fame; but let him beware how he follows any solid or possible good, for as sure as he succeeds his fame is damned for ever. Success will only call upon envious swaggers who will undertake to go a bar's length beyond him, and snatch away from him the worthless prize of popular estimation."

JUDICIAL INJUDICIOUSNESS.—The Lord Justice Christian, the second of the Irish Judges, has just given Dublin a sensation. The Lord Chancellor had dismissed a suit brought by a tenant against the Marquis of Hertford without costs, and the tenant appealed, whereupon the Lord Justice took the opportunity to deliver a violent philippic against Lord O'Hagan, who was sitting with him, for his partiality to tenants, declaring that if the tenant had been defendant he would have had costs, repeating his old objections to the Land Act as a law of plunder, and severely animadverting on Mr. Gladstone for his "newfangled and most unconstitutional assumption of a right of censorship" over judicial proceedings. The attack on the Premier does not matter much, and indeed he in some degree brought it on himself, but a direct imputation against a superior Judge of want of impartiality between rich and poor is in Ireland a most serious matter. Law is not much respected there as it is, and if the highest Judge were to accuse each other of deliberate unfairness in favour of a class, it will very soon not be respected at all. Englishmen are jealous of censure on Judges even in Parliament, but their practical irresponsibility is an additional reason for exercising the self-restraint in which Lord Justice Christian would seem to be deficient. —Spectator.

At a recent meeting of the Home Government Association a letter was read from the Very Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Dean of Limerick, which conveyed the writer's sympathy with the national movement has not lessened or changed. The Dean expresses a hope that "in a National Convention, we shall soon be able to make manifest the resolution of the country, and to give activity to the energy of thousands who only await the call of Ireland to work for her; among them I am bold to say the clergy will be found in the van. Lord Hartington has been echoing the silly theories with which he must have been inspired before he repeated them, but men of common sense both in England and Ireland will conclude that you and I are as likely to know the powers which move the Home Rule Association as he. Probably many who know us will think us as loyal as his lordship, although we practise loyalty gratuitously." In conclusion he cautions Home Rulers "to be on their guard" for if the enemies of the movement succeed in misrepresenting it, public opinion will be prejudiced, and justice will not be done.

It may be interesting to the expectants of a large surplus from the funds of the Disestablished Church to learn that an arbitration was held yesterday by Dr. Ball, M.P., ex-Judge Longfield, and Lieutenant-Colonel Ellis, to hear an appeal from a decision of the Church Temporalities Commissioners in reference to the claims of contamination by the Rev. Dr. Dixon, rector of Clogherny, in the county of Tyrone, and that the result of their inquiry, after hearing evidence on oath, was to add 25 per cent to the award of £10,346. The Poor law valuation of the lands was £54,354, and the Commissioners had allowed only 15 per cent, but it was proved that the lands were greatly underlet, and the tenants were willing to pay a higher rent. A similar appeal was made, with a similar result, by the Dean of Clonfert. —Times Cor.

It will be seen by a report in another column that some three weeks since there landed on our shores a number of gentlemen hailing from the modern Babylon-by-the-Thames, united by a common tie and bent on pursuing a common end. These gentlemen were in fact professors of the art which is the latest outcome of modern civilisation—the delicate art of the garrotte. Our visitors have not since their arrival hid their lights under a bushel. At least a dozen persons have already felt the fatal hug; the wayfarer bound for Rathinnes or Clontarf trembles at every dark corner of the street; and a few nights since an eminent medical man was nearly strangled to death and relieved of a very valuable gold watch and chain in the fashionable, central, and by no means lonely locality of Fitzwilliam-square. At present only one person has been arrested on suspicion of being a member of the gang, and of the circumstances of his case, as one sub-judice, we refrain from comment. We earnestly trust that the police will leave no stone unturned to hunt down the gang of ruffians who, unless a prompt period be put to their performances, will soon make night hideous in the streets and suburbs of Dublin. We have been frequently treated by our Anglo-Saxon brethren to dissertations on the disturbed condition of Ireland, and yet there was not in the whole world a city in which life and property was so secure as in the capital of Ireland, up to the moment of the recent influx of her most unwelcome guests. For these latter let us entreat our judges, that when lauds are laid on the evil-doers, they be not sparing of that dose of whiplow, the judicious administration of which to the brethren of the garrotte a recent Act enjoins. The prescription has been tried with great success at the other side of the Channel, and it may be a hope that the hearts of Irish judges are more lenient which has brought to our shores a band who cannot return too early to the place from whence they came. —Dublin Freeman.

The Home Government Association held a meeting yesterday, with Captain Macartney in the chair. There was a small attendance, and Professor Galbraith announced the conversion of Dean Bagot to the principle of self-government. In a letter stating his desire to become a member of the Association he mentioned, as an example of the loss sustained under the present system, that the costs of getting a Bill through Parliament to supply the town of Newry with water at an expense of £20,000 had amounted to £9,000. Mr. Butt, M.P., informed the meeting that the *Derry Journal* had declared in favor of Home Rule, and he twitted the Attorney-General for Ireland with having received from a journal which supported him an unexpected answer to his prediction that Ulster would speak out on the subject. Mr. Butt also announced that Lord Francis Conyngham had become a member, and that Lord Robert Montagu, when Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education in Mr. Disraeli's Government, had proposed to the Cabinet a scheme exactly similar to that which the Association advocated—namely, the establishment of an Irish Parliament for Irish affairs, without interfering with the Imperial Parliament. Mr. P. J. Smyth, in moving a resolution to postpone the consideration of the question about the Government purchase of Irish railways until another meeting, took occasion to disclaim any intention to refer personally to his friend Mr. Butt when condemning the policy of having a constituent leadership. The Chairman offered some comments upon the mode of trying election petitions, and maintained that it was highly desirable that such proceedings should be conducted before a jury. Mr. Butt professes great faith in the Home Rule cause. In a letter replying to a complimentary resolution passed by the County of Clare Farmers' Club he declared his belief that in a few years Ireland would possess a national Legislature and Government. —Times Cor.

William-street, West, was continuously patrolled by a posse of the force with their rifles during the evening, William-street, West, being the locality from which it was known the effigy would be borne to the place where it was destined to be consigned to the flames—namely, in the square opposite to the Club House. At about ten o'clock a very respectable effigy of the learned judge was carried in solemn silence along the canal. The figure was dressed up in wig and gown, and looked as much like the right hon. gentleman as it was possible to make it. On a band which was girded round the waist was inscribed words not of a complimentary character, and the neck was decorated with the usual kind of cravat and collar peculiar to the legal fraternity. On their way to the square, however, the party to whose safe keeping the effigy was entrusted were intercepted by a number of constabulary, who after examining the figure (the inscription being this time torn off) allowed the people to proceed with it without molestation. The party soon joined the crowds following the band, and if ever a storm of execration, a thunder storm of groans, were bestowed on the representative of any man before, it was surely on that which was said to be the figure of him who decided the Galway Election Petition Case. Having arrived in front of the Club the effigy was instantaneously torn into a thousand fragments by the assembled multitude, amidst the hisses of all present save the police, who were congregated in great force. All that remained of the effigy was then made into a heap and burned. The police jostled the crowd very much, and came in for considerable hooting in consequence. Loud and enthusiastic cheers were given for Captain Nolan, while the names of Judge Keogh and Captain Trench were received with unmistakable indignation. Three groans were given for "the barrister who figured prominently in the Hancock and Delacour case." Several of the clubhouse windows were then broken by some of the archers, and the police were put in file and commanded to draw their swords. This proceeding greatly incensed the crowd, but matters only reached a climax when the police force charged the people with drawn swords. This created a scene of wild confusion which I think it hardly necessary to describe, and all the respectable spectators—and many there were—could only shudder at the motive which prompted such an act. The people, of course, fled in all directions, and owe their safety to their fleetness rather than to the mercy of their belated assailants. After this the people were again charged by the police on three different occasions. I, in company with several others, heard one of the police officers, while the men were in the act of charging the people with fixed swords, command them three times, in a loud and distinct voice, to desist; but not until he repeated his order a fourth time was he obeyed. Was the crowd at this time been great there is no calculating what mischief might have been caused by this; but fortunately, the people were comparatively few and far between, and save a rough punching of respectable people with the butt-ends of rifles, no further injury was inflicted. I heard another police-officer swear that he could not command his men, so furious were they. I may mention that in one of the charges a servant at Black's Hotel, who was leisurely walking from the post-office, received a pretty deep sword scar on the back of the neck, and had a narrow escape from being run through with this fatal weapon. Several others were more or less wounded, but none seriously. The Riot Act was also read, although there was no disturbance at the time, nor anything approaching to it, and the police went so far while under orders as to present their rifles at the people. —From the Freeman Correspondent.

have brought every nation to its greatness." This truth which was taught even by the Pagan sages of antiquity, was brought back to the recognition of Athens by Charon, and to that of Rome by Cato and the Caudine Forks. It is being taught to modern England by the vast increase in the armies of pauperism, which battle all efforts for their reduction. Legislation confesses itself at fault, while the palliatives of benevolence do but increase the evil; for the numbers are simply overwhelming those who are quite ready to submit to the disgrace of pauperism, if only they can be enabled to live without work. Severity in poor-law administration does no good; it horrifies the public with instances of individual suffering, and scandalizes the national conscience with the starvation of helpless families. The disease can only be reached by a searching investigation into its cause.

What, then, is the cause of pauperism? Is it not caused by smallness of trade. It is not found where a kingdom is small, its resources scanty, and the whole nation living on slender means. It is precisely where the resources of a kingdom are great its commerce extended, where its merchants live in opulence and luxury, that pauperism is most obvious to the stranger. As commerce is extended, and wealth accumulated, pauperism becomes a more and more serious evil. Great poverty is always found beside great wealth. England is the richest country in the world; yet it has also the greatest number of paupers. It is the accumulation of wealth that makes poverty. This is a disease of the body politic, and pauperism is a symptom of the disease. —Triblet.

NETLEY ABBEY.—Immediately on its falling into the hands of William Paullet, Earl of Huntingdon, the abbey was dismantled, and rendered uninhabitable, but the "nuggets" should return to their resting place; the bells, ornaments, and lead were sold, the nave of the church turned into a kitchen, and the sanctuary into a parlour. In course of time Netley became the property of Sir Bartlett Lucy, who sold the remaining ruins in 1700 to a builder living at Southampton of the name of Taylor, who commenced unroofing the church for the slates and remaining lead left by Paullet. While so doing, he was warned by a friend, a Mr. Watts, not to interfere with the ruins of Netley. Besides this, he had told Mr. Watts that he had had several dreams warning him of the fate that awaited him if he persisted in his sacrilegious course. Laughing at these merciful warnings as superstitions, and wondering how such a sensible man as Mr. Watts could give him such foolish advice, he proceeded to Netley, and immediately after his interview with his friend, recommenced his work of demolition, when a stone fell from the sacred ruins and fractured his skull. His wound was not considered dangerous, but, through the unskillfulness of the surgeon, whose instrument, whilst removing a splinter, touched Taylor's brain, he died on the spot.—E. J. K. Brown's "Monastic Legends."

CASES IN THE DIVORCE COURT.—There are 236 cases set down for hearing in the Divorce Court for Trinity Term commencing on Wednesday next besides 14 standing over by consent. Of the 236 there are 187 to be tried without juries.

UNITED STATES.

The New York *Observer* we believe is one of those papers that occasionally says something about the comparative morality of Protestant and Catholic countries. Its preference is, it is needless to say, for those countries in which the rankest Protestantism prevails. In the minds of such papers, Purity and Puritanism are nearly synonymous. The following paragraph, therefore, cut from one of its latest issues, is worth attention. "The good old Puritan State of Connecticut," it says, "seems determined to maintain its modern reputation for setting at naught the marriage tie. According to the New Haven Register, thirty-two divorces were granted by the Superior Court for Hartford county, at the March term. One couple had been married only six months, and one for nearly thirty-two years. The average time the parties remained married is nine years and ten months." —Catholic Review.

SOOTHING SYRUP.—It would appear that the time has come when it is absolutely necessary that the Legislature should interfere; just as it interferes for the suppression of abortion, for the prevention of the abominable abuse of narcotics by lazy and intemperate mothers with their infants. Baby farming by professional traders in that line has been dealt with under the authority of the State, and it is a natural sequence that baby farming at home should be more closely investigated than it is at present. In the *Pacific Medical Journal* Dr. Nutt has recently exposed the system in San Francisco, and if we are to believe the records which from week to week appear in the daily papers "our withers are not unwringing." His attention was first called to the baneful effects and the enormous consumption of Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup by an article in the *California Medical Gazette*. The author had been called to see a child aged six months, apparently in a dying condition from the effects of some narcotic poison. He found that this soothing syrup was the only medicine which had been administered, and of it the child had taken two teaspoonfuls within ten hours.—There was remaining in the vial from which the two teaspoonfuls had been taken, ten draughts, which yielded, on analysis by a skillful chemist, nearly one grain of morphia and other opium alkaloids to the ounce of syrup. Dr. Murray, in the article already referred to, says:—"I have ascertained that there are about one hundred thousand two ounce bottles of it sold annually in this city, containing about one hundred and eighty thousand grains of morphia, which are given annually to the babies of this State." If the babies of California consume two hundred thousand ounces of soothing syrup, it is but fair to assume that there are seventy-five times that amount used in the whole United States, which would make 15,000,000 ounces of syrup, or about 14,000,000 grains of morphia. Setting aside the direct cost of this nostrum, it would be scarcely possible to estimate the damages which the people of the United States sustain indirectly from its use.—Medical Press and Circular.

A CAUTIOUS SCRIP.—The notice in an Albany paper that a prominent gentleman of that city has commenced a suit against a druggist, upon the principle involved in the Ohio liquor law, though not for selling liquor. The wife of the gentleman referred to acquired the habit of using laudanum, lost her health, and finally died from the effects of the poison. The husband sues for \$10,000 damages, claiming that the druggist sold the laudanum knowing the purpose for which it was purchased. The vast number of persons who are suffering from the use of stimulants of this character will undoubtedly cause the Legislature to make some enactment covering this point, or at least regulating the sale of stimulants of all kinds. As a general thing the habit of using them is acquired under the advice of physicians, who administer opiates to quiet and soothe the patients, resulting in the formation of a habit which cannot be mastered.

A WEALTHY CONNECTICUT MAN has the audacity to boast that he made his first money by manufacturing "genuine relics from the Holy Land." Some of these wondrous frauds much prized by the persons who bought them, were grown within half a mile of their own home.

LEMON PUDDING WITHOUT SAUCE.—Put in a basin one-quarter pound of flour, same of bread-crumbs and chopped suet, the juice of one good-sized lemon and the peel grated, two eggs, and enough milk to make it the consistency of porridge; boil in a basin for one hour; serve with or without sauce.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JUNE 21, 1872.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

JUNE—1872.

Friday, 21—St. Aloysius Gonzaga, C.
Saturday, 22—Vigil. St. Ubaldo, B. C. (May 16).
Sunday, 23—Pifsh after Pentecost.
Monday, 24—St. John Baptist.
Tuesday, 25—St. William, Ab.
Wednesday, 26—St. John and Paul, MM.
Thursday, 27—Of the Octave.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The shiftings and changings in the Alabama Claims question are more sudden, more intricate, and more unintelligible than those of a pantomime. Everybody mixed up therewith seems to be engaged in a game of cross-purposes: and it is really difficult to believe that on either side of the Atlantic there can exist any very strong desire to carry out the Treaty; for were it so, diplomacy would long ere this have found out a solution for the difficulty. There are some occult influences at work, evidently, to oppose its accomplishment. Russian gold has been hinted at.

Cholera has declared itself in the South of Russia. Thence by quick and easy stages, it will find its way to other parts of Europe, and we should not be surprised to hear in a few weeks that it made its appearance in America. Every man at all events should see to it, and set his house in order. Cleanliness and Temperance are the best material arms wherewith to fight Cholera, which thrives on dirt, and delights in an atmosphere impregnated with the perfumes of the sewer and the whiskey bottle.

The report that it was the intention of the Imperial Government to set free the prisoners still undergoing sentence on account of connection with Fenianism, has been formally contradicted in the House of Commons by Mr. Gladstone.

The annexed telegram would seem to indicate that to a certain extent at least, the rights of conscience have been vindicated even in the Common Schools of the United States:—

New York, June 12.—Yesterday the decision of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction in the case of the late Bible difficulty in Hunter's Point, was received, and created the utmost excitement and the greatest enthusiasm among the Catholics of Long Island City and Brooklyn when the result was learned.

This decision sustains the appeals of Thomas M. Mahon, and others, Trustees of the First Ward of Long Island City, against John Fahnestock, and others; Owen McElmerry, and others, against same; Edward M. Bennett, and others, against same.

The effect of the decision will be to cause the removal of the Bible from every school-house in the State, and the discontinuance of all religious services, unless carried on before or after regular school hours.

All last night bonfires were seen blazing through the streets of Long Island City, and crowds congregated around the dwellings of the Trustees, mainly through whose instrumentality the question was brought to an issue, and the decision thereby obtained.

There is no appeal from this decision except to the Legislature, who must enact a law if the Bible is to be retained as a text-book in our schools.

It is reported that action will immediately be taken to compel an observance of the decision through the entire State.

By Cable on Saturday we learnt that the British Government had withdrawn from the Treaty.

The Jesuits have been deprived of the rights of citizenship in Germany.

Lord Dufferin, the new Governor General, sailed from Londonderry on the 17th inst.

The Anniversary of the ascension of His Holiness Pius IX. to the Pontifical Chair was celebrated at Rome on Sunday, in a becoming manner by the faithful. Four thousand persons, representing all nations of the earth, proceeded to the Vatican, and presented a congratulatory address to the Pope.

The Boston Jubilee opened on Monday with the greatest enthusiasm.

Count Schepis, President of the Tribunal of Arbitration, did not propose the adjournment of the Court on Saturday, as it was reported he would do. The summary of the British argument was accompanied by a protest reserving the right of England to withdraw from the arbitration, if the negotiations with the

American Government relative to the indirect claims fail to result satisfactorily to the Government of the former country. The proceedings of the Tribunal are carried on partly in English and partly in French.

Hopeful expectations of the result of the arbitration are raised.

THE TWO METHODS.

It is much to be regretted that on the New Brunswick School question there should, amongst Catholics, be so much apparent difference of opinion, and so bitter controversy. This we believe arises, not from any difference *au fond* as to the merits of the School question as from a mutual misunderstanding, or misconception of motives.

Au fond, that is to say as to the merits of the School question, there can be no two opinions amongst Catholics. All are alike agreed that the action of the New Brunswick Legislature in the matter of Education is most oppressive and unjust as towards the Catholic minority of that Province. All are agreed that it is our moral duty to use every constitutional means to obtain for that minority relief from the injustice under which they labor. It is only as to the method of so doing, or *modus operandi*, on which any divergence of opinion obtains amongst Catholics. Surely this question of method should be discussed calmly, without acrimony, and with mutual respect.

On one side it is contended that the Federal Government has, without regard to the constitutionality of the school legislation of New Brunswick; irrespective of the consideration, whether it be in harmony with the restrictive clauses of the 93rd sect. of the British North America Act—the legal right to disallow it and any Act that a local legislature may pass; and that right should at once be exercised in this case, on the grounds that the legislation complained of, is, if not in violation of the constitution, unjust towards a large section of Her Majesty's subjects in New Brunswick. This is one view of the case; and certainly we are not disposed to treat it lightly, or to attribute any unworthy motives to those who hold and advocate it. It is so held and advocated by many for whom we entertain the most sincere respect, and from whom it is with pain that we presume to differ.

The other view of the case, that which we have ventured to advocate is this: That the first step that should be taken is to determine the constitutionality of the legislation complained of: and then by appeal, from a tribunal incompetent to determine a question of law, because a political tribunal, or tribunal subject to disturbing political influences, to a purely legal tribunal, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Of course, should the decision of the latter be against the constitutionality of the New Brunswick Legislation, the Federal Government would not only have the right to disallow it, but would be bound to do so by the Act of Parliament to which it owes its being. This is the *modus operandi* which we have ventured to advocate; and which we find has been endorsed by Mr. Blake in the House of Commons.

In favor of the first line of policy it may be urged that, if adopted, it would give immediate relief to the Catholic minority of New Brunswick. This is the chief argument, indeed the only argument, in its favor that we have as yet heard urged; and it has its force, no doubt.

On the other hand, and with equal truth, it may be urged, that relief so given would be merely palliative, not curative, of the disease we have to deal with; that it would afford only a temporary, not a permanent relief—that it would be an opiate administered to the sufferer, but not a remedy. The Constitutional competency of the New Brunswick Legislature to enact another school law, equally or more oppressive, in so far as Catholics are concerned, would not be thereby affected; the school liberties of the said minority would still have no better safeguard than the temper of the Parliament for the time sitting in Ottawa, in which Protestants are now almost as three to one of Catholics, and in which the relative strength of the first-named is always increasing.

On the other hand, should the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council affirm the unconstitutionality of the New Brunswick school law, as a transgression of the restrictive clauses of the 93rd Sect. of the Act of Confederation, the school liberties of the Catholic minority would be secured against all fresh attacks, for all time to come. A vast accession of hostile political influence in the Federal Legislature would not endanger them; and the victory thus won would be permanent. It seems to us that for such an advantage we may well submit to a little delay.

And again, without hazarding an opinion of our own as to the strict constitutional right of the Federal Government to disallow any constitutional act that a Provincial Legislature may please to pass, without thereby exceeding its legal functions; admitting for the sake of argument, that it has such unlimited, absolute

power, still we think that, in the interests of Quebec, it is a power whose exercise it would be most impolitic for us to evoke; a power which we should rather seek to repress, than to call into being, since its exercise would be incompatible with State Rights, Provincial autonomy, or Home Rule, faces in which its exercise may be called over, may, perhaps, occur, but only as a last resource, and when all other constitutional means have been tried, and have failed.

And by constituting, in one instance, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council a Court to determine the constitutionality of a certain questionable act of a Provincial Legislature, we establish a most important precedent, and extort from the Federal Government a most invaluable concession. We establish the precedent that when a question of legal right brings the Federal Government into collision with the Provincial Government, the former is not competent to sit as judge in its own cause; we extort from the former, the concession that its powers of *veto* over Provincial legislation are not, as our opponents contend, unlimited, and absolute, but may be limited and determined by another tribunal sitting, hearing and deciding as a Supreme Court.

For these reasons we still think that the course actually adopted in dealing with the New Brunswick School Law is the best that could have been adopted, in the interests both of the Catholics of New Brunswick in particular, and in the interests of the several Provinces of which the Dominion is composed, in general. Should the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council determine that the School Act of New Brunswick is unconstitutional, the victory is won for ever. Should it admit its constitutionality, we shall still be where we were before, and our course of action will then be that so ably indicated by M. Chauveau—we must appeal to the authority which made Confederation, *i.e.*, to the Imperial Government—to make such amendments in its own Act, as shall put it out of the power of a majority in any one Province to oppress the minority in matter of education. That such was the design, even if imperfectly expressed, of the framers of the Act, we believe, from the restrictions with which they hedged round the powers of the local legislatures in that matter; and we, therefore,—should we fail in the Court of Law to which we have appealed our case,—are prepared to bring it back again into the political order, and to labor for an amendment to a law which shall have been interpreted in a sense unfavorable to us.

This then is the method which we propose, and this the sole difference betwixt us, and some of our contemporaries for whom we have the highest respect. Whilst they insist that at once, and without considering the constitutionality or unconstitutionality of the New Brunswick school legislation—a question which in truth the Federal Government is incompetent to discuss—the said Federal Government should disallow the obnoxious school law; we contend that first should be determined, by referring it to competent authority, *i.e.*, to a legal and non-political tribunal,—the question of the constitutionality of the legislation complained of; and that, should it be by that authority ruled constitutional, we should then seek to obtain from the Imperial Government such amendments in our Constitutional Act, as both to afford our friends in New Brunswick the relief sought for, and to secure Catholics in all time to come from the danger of being subjected to a system of anti-Catholic education. This a vote of our Federal Parliament could not do: since a legislative assembly cannot by its acts bind its successors, or limit their freedom of action.

There is more trouble a-head besides, and not a very long way off either for which we should be getting ready. How shall we deal with the Manitoba School question when it comes up, as come up it must. To any school legislation that Manitoba may adopt, the restrictive conditions of the 93rd sect. of the British North America Act will not apply, since at the time of the passing of that law, Manitoba did not exist as a separate Province, and had no school law of its own. There are in this the elements of a very pretty quarrel.

NEW AND OLD CATHOLICITY.—“New Catholicity” as defined by the Protestant Dean of Westminster, the accomplished Dr. Stanley, and “Old Catholicity” as expounded by Dolinger seem to be very like one another, and both bear a marvellous resemblance to what people, not accustomed to the niceties of language, are in the habit of calling infidelity. As defined by Dean Stanley Catholicity is identical with “latitudinarianism,” and consists essentially in believing nothing in particular.

Such was the substance of a sermon delivered before the University of Oxford on Trinity Sunday last by the above named great leader of the “Broad’s” in the Anglican Church, and reported in the London Times. “He insisted on Catholicity as inclusive, and not exclusive; advocated latitudinarianism as the truest Catho-

licism; and recommended the spirit animating it as the most likely solvent of the difficulties of the present day, such as those concerning churchyards, primary education, and the doctrine celebrated on that day—the dogma of the Trinity.”

What the man who thus monstrously jumbles together the “churchyard question,” and the “Trinity question”—for both are questions in the Church by Law Established—really holds himself, if he held anything at all—it is impossible to tell; but he is so far right, that it is quite true that the only solution of the difficulties now distracting Protestantism, is to be found in what the Dean calls Latitudinarianism, and others call Indifferentism. For Protestants ever to agree to hold any creed however short, or simple is impossible. Unity of faith amongst them is unattainable, unity of disbelief is however within their reach; and to the prosecution of this attainable end, the Dean exhorts them as the nearest approach they can ever hope to make towards Catholicity. Papists are one, because they all believe all that the Catholic Church believes and teaches; Protestants will be one when, and only when, they shall discard all dogma; and to this form of Unity every thing shows that the Protestant world is fast approaching. If they will but treat the “Trinity question,” the Atonement question, the Incarnation question, the Holy Ghost question, and the personal God question, as they have agreed to treat the churchyard question, and the surplice question—that is as open questions scarce worth disputing about, then, but not before will the sects of Protestantism present the aspect of a house no longer divided against itself.

A CARD.—We have been authorised to give a formal contradiction to a report set in circulation by some very ill informed, if not unprincipled persons, to the effect that, in the Grey Nunnery, corner of Guy and Dorchester Streets, small-pox has for some time prevailed to a considerable extent, that several of the Sisters had fallen victims to the disease, and of the orphan children in the Asylum, a still greater number.

There is no foundation in fact for this report. Since the taking possession by the Sisters of their new house, in the month of October last year, there has been but one single fatal case of small-pox within the walls of the establishment. The victim in this case was one of the novices, who contracted the disease in her attendance upon the sick whom she visited in the City; amongst the Sisters, and amongst the orphans, there has not occurred a single case.

We indulge the hope that our City contemporaries will not refuse to give their aid towards the contradiction of a false report, which, if generally believed, might prove injurious to a most salubrious, as well as most excellently conducted, charitable institution.

Its recent calamities do not seem to have taught the French capital wisdom. Paris is still the gayest, the most extravagant, and if the correspondents of the London papers may be believed the most immoral city in Europe. The extravagance in dress, so ruinous to domestic happiness, of which the second Empire set the example, is as bad as ever, and this by itself is no unimportant sign of the times. We give some extracts from the correspondence of the London Times; and as we read them we feel what a powerful argument may, and will, there, be built by the Communists. “Why should we starve?” these men exclaim, “why should our wives and children be, in spite of our never ending toil, still in want of the commonest necessities of life, whilst this indolent bourgeoisie which toils not, and spins not, but fattens on our sweat, can indulge in these costly frivolities?” There can be no doubt that much of the hostility of the poor towards the rich is kept alive, and intensified by the costly not to say snobbish display of wealth in which the snobocracy delights to indulge, and of whose extent we may form some idea from the Times’ correspondent:—

A more accurate criterion of the social tendencies of the day is to be found in the “toilettes” which flaunt on high days and holidays, and indeed on most days in the Champs Elysees and the Bois de Boulogne—in the extravagance and luxury which seem only to have been waiting for a quiet moment to come out of the hiding places in which they have taken refuge during the last two years, and thus bring out into sharper contrast the traces of ruin and bloodshed which should make any such exhibition impossible. Public opinion has universally attributed to the rage for dress and profligate expenditure many of those bold speculations of a political as well as a commercial nature by which fortunes were to be lost or won upon the Bourse in a day under the Empire; and, if the nation is to be saved again from catastrophes such as have already overtaken it, the habits that have led to them must be abandoned. The best proof that they exist is to be found in facts. In no former year will one eminent dressmaker’s receipts be larger than this year if business goes on at its present rate. It is calculated that the total amount of the sales at this establishment for the will be £240,000, which represents the purchase by the ladies of Paris and its visitors of 6,000 dresses at £40 a dress—of course, there are dresses far more expensive, and £100 is by no means an uncommon price. On the other hand, there are the “petites robes Republicanes,” which affect a great simplicity out of compliment to the name they bear, but which nevertheless cost £20 a piece, not because they are intrinsically worth that amount, but because they

bear the stamp of the greatest millinery genius of the age, and a “*crêpe*” gown which has undergone receives an enhanced value; for the President of the Republic himself is not more absolute and autocratic than the President of the Republic of Fashion with his “*petites robes Republicanes*.”

There can be no doubt, moreover, that many ladies have moderated their expenditure since their country’s troubles; those in whom the least change is to be seen are those who appertain to the fallen regime, and who acquired their extravagant habits under it. Still, if the figures furnished to a friend of mine are correct, the exigencies of a moderate toilet are still considerable; and as a matter of curiosity I add them. This is what a lady of fashion may be reasonably expected in the present depressed condition of the country, and in her own depressed condition in consequences of its misfortunes, to spend, annually upon clothing her person:—Bonnets, £96; “*coiffures*,” £72; false hair, £20; corsets, £10; under linen, £300; shoes, £48; gloves, £40; dresses, £300; making a total for the fortunate husband of £1,282. I have not included jewelry, but it is evident that anything short of £1,000 would be out of keeping with the rest of the costume. This is, of course, the “budget” of a quite correct lady of fashion, or, in the words of my informant, “*une dame elegante mais honnete*.” To know what expenditure really means, we must go into the category of those who confine themselves to being *dames elegantes*. Here there is no limit to the profuse extravagance. I may give, as an illustration, one item in the accounts of one of these superlatively elegant ladies. The natural flowers in her rooms cost over £1,000 a year.

The “social tendencies” of the day do not certainly inspire us with very strong hopes for the moral regeneration of France.

We propounded the other day the question as to whether life or property were the more secure in the Protestant United States or Romish Lower Canada? The following paragraph which we clip from the Montreal Witness of the 10th inst., may serve as a reply:—

THE REIGN OF TERROR IN NEW YORK.—Rowdism is so rampant in New York that even Christians who attend church on the Sabbath are in danger whilst passing through the streets, and many churchgoers are in the habit of placing a revolver alongside the prayer-book previous to leaving their dwellings. The police dread these rowdies and their haunts as much as the civilians who seek their protection; and, when asked to arrest any of them, the officers themselves will relate the dark deeds that these well-known characters have committed in justification of their non-interference with the outlaws of New York city.

A police officer recently said, when a warrant was placed in his hands for the arrest of a well-known rowdy, “If you tell me where he sleeps, I will arrest him; but I do not care about coming in contact with him when he is with his ‘chums,’ as he has the name of having murdered two or three policemen already.” The warrant remained in his hands for two months, and a detective, whose business it is to look after the performance of such duties, called upon the person who had the warrant issued once a week to know if he had found out where the delinquent put up at night.

The following, from a recent number of the N. Y. Witness, is a striking illustration of the reign of terror in that city, where, it will be seen, even magistrates have to go armed to preserve their lives.

“The terror inspired by ruffians is very clearly shown by an incident in the Jefferson Market Police Court very recently. Mr. John Lang noticed an intoxicated man fall from a wagon on West Eleventh street, on Wednesday morning, and received a severe blow on the face from the drunken ruffian as a reward for assisting him. He then caused the arrest of his ungrateful assailant. It was not until the case came up in Court that Mr. Lang learned that the prisoner was the notorious ‘Reddy the Blacksmith,’ and fearing the revenge of the villain, he refused to make a complaint. Justice Cox had to place Mr. Lang under \$1,000 bonds to prosecute. A more striking proof of the reign of terror of ruffianism in New York is the fact that a resolute and determined magistrate, who often sentences criminals, considers it necessary to carry a revolver to protect his own life in the public streets.”—Witness, June 10th.

WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.

SHORT SERMONS FOR SINCERE SOULS.

No. II.
“Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land.”

Having spoken in general of the obligation children are under to obey their parents, it becomes now our duty to consider in particular in what this obedience consists. As children have received from their parents three great benefits, their existence, their sustenance and their education, the holy Fathers and theologians tell us, that they have therefore incurred three great obligations, the obligation of obedience, the obligation of love, and the obligation of respect. These then are the three things, which God exacts from children, when he commands them to honor their parents.

After God; we received our existence from our parents. Next then to God, we owe to our parents gratitude for this existence. Do you wish to know how precious to you is this life, which you have received from your parents and therefore the deep debt of gratitude you owe them? Let me hold you at arm’s length over a yawning abyss; or let me cast you into a foaming stream of headlong waters, and you will then begin to realise its value. As you see the abyss yawning beneath you—as you hear the turbulent waters gurgling in your ears—as you feel them rushing into your mouth and nostrils; as you see death approaching, you will begin then at least, if never before, to feel how precious a thing life is—how great the blessing you have received from those, who gave you birth. Above riches and all earthly goods, not all the treasures of the world can purchase one moment of it; though racked by the most excruciating pains, the sick man would still prefer to live and suffer! And this is the boon—this the precious gift you have received from your parents. Can you then have received it, and not have incurred a most grave obligation?

Proving our duty to obey our parents St. Thomas says—“God is the general principle of all things; and as we are bound to obey God

in all which he pleases to command, because he is our first beginning, we owe also all this same obedience to our parents as our second beginning.

Although it was not necessary that God should especially command this obedience of children towards their parents, since this duty is engraved on the heart of man by nature itself, nevertheless God in order to mark its importance has thought fit to embody it in a special command.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.—The Fifth and last Session of the First Parliament of the Dominion was brought to a close on Friday, 14th inst., by the following speech from His Excellency the Governor General:—

Acknowledging, then, as you do the obligation of obeying your parents, it becomes our duty to examine what those things are which parents have a right to command.

houses in order to attract the notice of the passers by; to allow banterings and light jests and lead discourses in order to attract young men to their company. Are the children of such parents bound to obey them? Gracious Heavens! No. A thousand times, No! But what ought the children of such parents to do? I will tell you.

But though there are parents so wicked as to command these things, it is for the sake of humanity to be hoped that they are few. Were a mother to hurl her infant child down a deep precipice, it would justly be looked upon as a terrible and unnatural crime; but the spiritual murder of a child by which a parent hurls his offspring's soul into the deep abyss of hell for all eternity, is indeed far greater.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.—The Fifth and last Session of the First Parliament of the Dominion was brought to a close on Friday, 14th inst., by the following speech from His Excellency the Governor General:—

The interest and importance of the various questions which have been discussed and decided will render the session memorable in the annals of the country. Your adoption of the articles of the Treaty of Washington which affect Canadian interests has placed in a clear light your determination to share the fortunes of England.

In Her Majesty's name I thank you for the supplies which you have so cheerfully granted. I heartily congratulate you on the prosperous condition of the revenue, and on your having been enabled, by the repeal of the duties on tea and coffee, to diminish the burdens of the people.

Before concluding its labors, the House of Commons adopted the following Address to His Excellency Lord Lisgar, which was also adopted by the Senate:—

Her Majesty's loyal and dutiful subjects, the House of Commons in Parliament assembled, beg leave to express to your Excellency our sincere regret that the termination of your official connection with Canada now approaches, owing to the able and distinguished discharge of the trusts confided by our Sovereign to your Excellency.

NEW BOOKS.—We have received from the Messrs. Sadlier of this City, the new publications mentioned below, to which we attach the several prices, on the receipt of which the Messrs. Sadlier will forward them free by mail.

HORNHURST RECTORY, by Sister Mary Frances Clare. Author of Illustrated History of Ireland, Life of St. Patrick, &c., &c. This is a very interesting tale somewhat of a controversial character, and very cleverly written in two volumes. The price is \$2.50.

TRAVELS IN EUROPE AND THE HOLY LAND, by the Rev. Eugene Vetromile, D.D., Apostolic Missionary.

The writer takes us from Canada to Europe whose chief cities he visits, and describes from a Catholic point of view; and leads us through all the scenes in Egypt and the Holy Land, famous in sacred history, and clear to the memory of the Christian.

SERMONS ON ECCLESIASTICAL SUBJECTS, by His Grace Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster.

This is a valuable collection of short sermons by the Primate of England, whose name is sufficient to ensure them a warm reception from the English speaking members of the Catholic Church throughout the world. The price is \$2.

LEGENDS OF ST. JOSEPH: Translated by Mrs. J. Sadlier, from the French of L'Abbe ***. This interesting and, to all the children of St. Joseph, charming little collection of pious legends is published with the approbation of Mgr. the Bishop of Montreal.

CONSTANCE SHERWOOD: An Autobiography of the Sixteenth Century. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton, with four Illustrations. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. Messrs. Sadlier, Montreal. Price \$2.

Sir Walter Scott in his Kenilworth has presented us with the gala side of the Elizabethan era, and brought before our eyes its pageants, and its glories. Lady Georgiana Fullerton gives us the reverse of the medal, presenting us with the penal side of the same era, as seen from the Tower dungeons; and she brings vividly before us its rackings, its scourgings, its pressings to death, and other refinements in torture, reserved for those who in those days of persecution remained faithful to the Catholic Church, and worshipped God after the fashion of their fathers.

THE HOUSE OF YORK.—By M. A. T.

This is another work from the press of the New York Publication Society, and will be forwarded, free by mail, by the Messrs. Sadlier of this City, on the receipt of \$2. The story is interesting and well told, and it brings before us the memories of the brutalities exercised by the Protestants of Maine upon a well known Jesuit Father and his people, a few years ago in the State of Maine.

LITTLE PIERRE; OR, THE PEDLAR OF ALSACE. Translated from the French, by J. M. C.

Yet another little tale from the same New York Publication Society, which we have much pleasure in noticing, as well suited for the perusal of our Catholic youth. It is very handsomely bound, and enriched with many neatly executed illustrations. The price is only \$1.50, on the receipt of which it will be forwarded, free by mail, to the subscriber by Messrs. Sadlier of Montreal.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW—April, 1872.—New York: The Leonard Scott Publishing Company. Messrs. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

The current number contains the following articles:—1. The State of English Architecture; 2. Thomas Carlyle; 3. Trade with China; 4. Masson's Life of Milton; 5. Modern Scepticism; the Duke of Somerset; 6. The British Parliament: Its History and Elo-

quence; 7. Diaries of a Diplomatist; 8. Education, Secularism, and Nonconformity; 9. Concession to the United States.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—At the meeting of St. Patrick's Society, on Monday night week, the members unanimously voted \$1,000 to pay for 250 cords of the firewood which Mr. Brydges, on the part of the G. T. R., had generously undertaken to deliver at Point St. Charles for the charitable societies, at \$4 per cord. It will be remembered that at the last concert of this Society the presiding officer stated that the Society had, during the preceding twelve months, disbursed in charity more than double the amount that had ever been so expended in any year of the existence of the society.

WORK OF THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE CATHEDRAL OF MONTREAL.

We give below the amount of the several monthly collections taken up during the months of January, February, and March, 1872, in the different churches and chapels of the Diocese:

Table with columns for church names and amounts in Jan., Feb., and Mar. Includes entries like St. Agathe, St. Anne, St. Basile, etc.

Table with columns for names and amounts. Includes entries like St. Sophie, St. Stanislas Kostka, St. Sulpice, etc.

Proceeds of a Bazaar by the pupils of the convent of St. Laurent, directed by the R.R. Sisters Marianites. \$ 50 00

Table with columns for names and amounts. Includes entries like Proceeds of a Bazaar by the pupils of the Commercial School, etc.

THE KIDNAPING CASE IN LONDON.—The feeling with which this extraordinary affair is received by the public appears hardly to have got beyond those doubts as to the truth of the story which the almost incredible boldness of the enterprise are well calculated to encourage.

The possibility of his being guilty of any criminal act is in their opinion very remote indeed. It is believed by them that he has been thus mercilessly hunted down, and unlawfully deprived of his liberty from political causes only, and that the detectives have no justification for violating the laws and dignity of this country.

THE CHAMBER OF MANS.—The attention of the police is called to a gang of rowdies who congregated on the Champs de Mars every evening, for the purpose of annoying young fellows who meet there to practice base ball.

BREAKFAST.—EPH'S COCOA.—GATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which will save us many heavy doctors' bills.

ANOTHER CASE OF BRONCHITIS CURED.

MR. JAMES I. FELLOWS. Dear Sir: While in Windsor on a visit in December last, I fell in with an old friend—Capt. H. Coffill—and finding him looking so hearty and robust, was led to enquire what had produced the great change, for when I last saw him two years previous he was a mere skeleton.

W. J. NELSON. Capt. H. Coffill is the person who was cured of Consumption in 1866 by Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, whose letter was published some time ago.

Married. On the 10th instant, at St. Foy's Church, near Quebec, by M. l'Abbe L. H. Paquet, assisted by M. l'Abbe Benj. Paquet, George Duval, Esq., to Bella, fourth daughter of the late Honorable Mr. Justice Power.

JOHN MUIR, GENERAL COLLECTOR, No. 9 HANOVER STREET, MONTREAL. P. O. Address—694J. Orders left at "Pickup's" St. James Street.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL OUR PATENT IVORY AND LIGNUM VITÆE EYE CUPS.
Spectacles rendered useless, Chronic Sore Eyes cured, and all diseases of the eye successfully treated (cure guaranteed) by the greatest invention of the age.

DR. J. BALL & CO.'S PATENT EYE CUPS.
The value of the celebrated well-known Patent Eye Cups, for the restoration of sight, breaks out and blazes in the evidence of over 6,000 testimonials of cures, and recommended by more than 1,000 of our best Physicians in their practice. The Patent Eye Cups are a scientific and philosophical discovery, and as Mayor Ellis, of Dayton, Ohio, writes, they are the greatest invention of the age.

Certificates of cures performed by the application of Dr. J. Ball & Co.'s Patent Ivory and Lignum Vitæe Eye Cups:—
CLAYVILLE, Washington County, Pa., Sept. 29th, 1871.

DR. J. BALL & Co.—Gentlemen—I have now thoroughly tested and proved the Patent Eye Cup they are the *ne plus ultra* of all treatments of impaired vision, from advanced life or other causes, and are an invariable cure of Myopia and Near Sight. I have in the last few days entirely cured several cases both of acute and what is called chronic inflammation. These had tried every known and available species of treatment without the slightest benefit, but on the contrary detrimental, and great expense.

My mother, an old lady of sixty-four years, is an enthusiastic advocate of the Cups. Three months since she could not read a letter, or letters as large as her thumb, as she sometime expresses herself. Certain it is, that her eyes were unusually old, and worn beyond her age to such an extent that she could not read the heading of the *New York Tribune*, without her glasses. You may judge, therefore, the effect of the Cups, when I inform you that she can now read every portion of the *Tribune*, even the small diamond type, without her glasses. She now habitually reads her Testament, ordinary print, without her glasses. You can imagine her pleasure. The business is beginning to assume something like form and shape. I have inquiries from all directions, and often great distances, in regard to the nature of the Cups. Wherever I go with them, they create intense excitement. But a few words are necessary to enlist an attentive audience anywhere the people can be found. I was at our fair last Tuesday, 27th inst., and I can safely say that I myself, or rather the Eye Cups, were no mean portion of the attractions of the occasion. I sold and effected of the attractions of the occasion. I sold and effected of the attractions of the occasion. I sold and effected of the attractions of the occasion.

I am, very truly yours,
HORACE B. DURANT, M.D.

FESTON, Mich., July 17, 1871.

DR. J. BALL & Co.—Gentlemen—It is with pleasure that I am able to inform you of my success with the Patent Eye Cups. I have been slow in my operations, but work on a sure plan. People are afraid of being humbugged, but I have convinced them of reality. The Patent Eye Cups are a perfect success. They have restored my son's Eye Sight who was blind in his right Eye since he was a lad, the optic nerve was injured; after applying your Patent a few times he can read with that eye unassisted. He can shoot as many birds from the cherry tree, with his right eye that was blind, as any other person.

I have applied the Patent Eye Cups with Myopic attachments, to two persons eyes who are Near Sighted; their sight is improving at an astonishing rate. My old eyes of 14 years standing are perfectly restored. Many blessings on the inventors of the Patent Eye Cups, for the great good they have done to suffering humanity.

I remain, most respectfully,
REV. ISAAC MORTON.

BLOOMING VALLEY, Pa., Sept. 4, 1871.

DR. J. BALL & Co., Oculists.—Gents.—I received your Patent Eye Cups by the hand of Mr. Roundbush; after testing the efficacy of the Cups for two weeks, I am satisfied they are what they are purported to be.

After wearing glasses for 19 years, for reading and writing, I can now see to read any print in your pamphlet without my spectacles. I can, therefore, recommend the Patent Eye Cups.

Very respectfully yours,
REV. J. SPOONER,
Bloomington Valley, Crawford County, Pa.

CHESTER, SUSSEX Co., England, Dec. 15, 1871.

DR. J. BALL & Co.—Gentlemen—On the reception of the Patent Ivory Eye Cups, on the first application, I found benefit, and now, I am happy to say unhesitatingly, from my own practical experience, that in my opinion the result produced through using your Patent Ivory Eye Cups is one of the greatest boons that ever God bestowed on man received (Spiritual Eye Sight excepted).

Over 12 years I have worn specks, and to my own wonderment, I can read Newspaper print, and I am writing this letter without my spectacles. I cease to wonder at once why people are so anxious for them, now I have tried them myself, and proved them with an ocular demonstration. They are simple in construction, and could not possibly, I think, be more suitably adapted for the Eyes, besides being Harmless, Painless and Pleasant. I speak with all due deference of the Faculty, but at the same time, I cannot divest myself of the fact that the present treatment, in the cases of Myopia, or Near Sightedness, Dimness of Vision, Cataract, Partial or Total Blindness, is a failure in nineteen cases out of every twenty when they resort to the knife, and am sorry to say I know cases that have ended in total blindness, which cannot possibly occur in using the Patent Ivory Eye Cups.

And now in conclusion, I beg to return you my sincere thanks for the inexpressible benefit received by using your Patent Ivory Eye Cups.

Yours faithfully,
REV. J. FLETCHER.

CANBORO, C. W., June 13th, 1871.

DR. J. BALL & Co.—Gentlemen—It has been a long time since I wrote to you. I have wanted to see what effect the Patent Eye Cups that you sent me last January would have upon my eyes. I can truly say the effect produced upon my eyes is truly astonishing. Before using the Eye Cups, a printed sheet was like a dirty blank paper to my naked eyes, but now I can see to read without glasses any print with apparent ease. The glasses I was compelled to use before I applied the Eye Cups were of the greatest magnifying power to enable me to read or write, but now I have laid them aside and can read diamond print, and write without them. My sight is restored as in youth.

A young lady, the daughter of my tenant, which I have on my place, was affected very badly with near-sightedness, brought on by inflammation. She came to me to have the Eye Cups applied to her eyes, and, strange to say, after a few applications, (for reading) the book was removed from six inches focus to nine inches focus, and she can see objects at a distance distinctly, a thing she could not do before.

The Patent Eye Cups are the greatest invention of the age.
May heaven bless and preserve you for many

years, for the benefit you may confer on suffering humanity.

Yours most truly,
ISAAC BOWMAN,
Canboro, Haldimand Co., C. W.
Near BOONE FURNACE, Greenup Co., Ky., }
February 8, 1872.

DR. J. BALL & Co.

Gentlemen: This is to certify that, having been afflicted with sore eyes for several years, to such an extent that my sight was almost gone—could not see to walk about—having tried almost everything known in the Materia Medica, I was constrained to try Dr. Ball's celebrated Eye Cups, with happy results. My eyes are entirely cured, and my sight is fully restored. After such results, one of my neighbors, who had been entirely blind for three years, commenced using the Eye Cups, and now he can see to do any kind of work, and is restored to his full eye-sight. To those suffering from such afflictions, try Dr. J. Ball & Co.'s Eye Cups, and you will never regret the cost. Yours respectfully,
E. G. HOLBROOK.
Sworn before **J. R. THOMPSON,**
Justice of Peace.

DEMORSEVILLE, C.W., Feb. 2, 1872.

DR. J. BALL & Co.

Gentlemen: When I obtained your Patent Eye Cups from you I was suffering very much from inflammation, dimness of vision, and weak eyes; I have been so had for several weeks that my sight became so affected that I could not distinguish a man from a woman eight rods off. I applied your Patent Eye Cups a few times, as per your special directions, and to my great delight, they have perfectly and permanently restored my sight, cured all inflammation and weakness of my eyes. I am now able to see a bird, where I could not see a man at the same distance.

I will also state my friend's case, who applied your Patent Eye Cups. I returned this morning from visiting an old lady that was almost totally blind in one eye, and could see no person standing before her with the other eye. After I made an application with the Patent Ivory Eye Cups of two and one-half minutes, she could see her hand and fingers with her eye that was totally blind, and the other was greatly improved. Your Eye Cups are simple, can do no harm to any eye, and far surpass any invention of the present age. I remain,
Very respectfully yours,
REV. JOHN HILL.

LEEDS, C. E., March 13, 1872.

DR. J. BALL & Co.

Gentlemen: I sold a pair to a man that was so blind he had to be led about by the hand; now he can see to go where he pleases. I sold another pair to a boy that had sore eyes, and had spent \$100 trying to get his eyes cured; the Eye Cups have cured him.

JOHN DONAVAN,
Leeds Village, Canada East.

LUCAN, C. W., Feb. 7, 1872.

DR. J. BALL & Co.

Gentlemen: I have some good news to tell you. My father and mother have been using the Cups since I received them; they are improving fast. Father is beginning to read without his spectacles, after using them for over 20 years. Yours, &c.
F. WALDEN, M. D.,
Lucan, Middlesex Co., Canada West.

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In aid of the Catholic Church, now in course of construction, in the village of Renfrew, Ont.

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- A Splendid Cow, (gift of Rev. P. Rougier,) " 40
- A new Set of Double Harness, " 30
- A new Cooking Stove, " 30
- Six prizes of \$5.00 each, in cash, " 30
- Fourteen yards of Dress Silk, valued at 24
- A new Saddle, " 15
- One Cattle of Tea, " 15
- Two prizes of \$10.00 each, in cash, " 20
- A new Saddle, valued at 10
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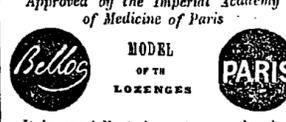
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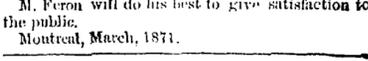
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HIGH COMMERCIAL EDUCATION. MASSON COLLEGE, TERREBONNE (NEAR MONTREAL.) THE RE-OPENING OF THE CLASSES of this grand and popular Institution, will take place on THURSDAY, FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

PROGRAMME OF STUDIES. 1ST SECTION OF THE COMMERCIAL COURSE. 1st and 2nd years.—Grammar Classes.

MATTERS: 1st Simple reading, accentuation and declension; 2nd An equal and solid study of French and English syntax. 3rd Arithmetical in all its branches; Mental calculation. 4th Different styles of writing; 5th Reading of Manuscripts; 6th Rudiments of book-keeping. 7th An abridged view of Universal History.

2ND SECTION. 3rd year.—Business Class. This department is provided with all the mechanism necessary for initiating the business students to the practice of the various branches—counting and exchange office—banking department—telegraph office—fac-similes of notes, bills, drafts, &c., in use in all kinds of commercial transactions—News department, comprising the leading journals of the day in English and French. The reading room is furnished at the expense of the College, and is chiefly intended to post the pupils of the "Business Class" on current events, commerce, &c.

N.B.—This class forms a distinct and complete course, and may be followed without going through any of the other classes. MATTERS. 1st Book-keeping in its various systems; the most simple as well as the most complicated; 2nd Commercial arithmetic; 3rd Commercial correspondence; 4th Calligraphy; 5th A Treatise on commercial law; 6th Telegraphing; 7th Banking (exchange, discount, custom commissions); 8th Insurance; 9th Stenography; 10th History of Canada (for students who follow the entire course.)

3RD AND LAST SECTION. 4th year.—Class of Polite Literature.

MATTERS. 1st Belles Lettres—Rhetoric; Literary Composition; 2nd Contemporary History; 3rd Commercial and historical Geography; 4th Natural History; 5th Horticulture (flowers, trees, &c.); 6th Architecture; 7th A treatise on domestic and political Economy. 5th year.—Class of Science.

MATTERS. 1st Course of moral Philosophy; 2nd Course of civil Law. 3rd Study of the civil and political Constitution of the Dominion of Canada. 4th Experiments in natural Philosophy; 5th Chemistry; 6th Practical Geometry. LIBERAL ARTS. Drawing—Academic and Linear. Vocal and instrumental Music. TERMS: Board and Instruction. \$100.00 per annum Half Boarders. 20.00 Day-Scholars. 10.00 Bed and Bedding. 6.00 Washing and Mending of Linen. 6.00 Use of Library. 1.00

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